TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The trial of murderer Harvey at Guelph, his conviction and sentence to death, have, as might be expected, aroused a great deal of discussion and sympathy. I confess that few criminals escape from prison or are on trial with whom I do not sympathize, yet I am well aware that this sympathy arises from a false tendency, very general in mankind, to let criminals go free if they have not offended against us personally. It is wonderful how much we can forgive in a man when he has sinned against somebody else and what enormous crimes can be overlooked if they have not brought affliction to our own household. This being the fact, people should remember that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to be unmindful of what happens so long as it does not happen to themselves. It should instruct them, too, that no one is fitted to give an opinion in such a matter who is unable to place himself or those dear to him in the position of those who have been sinned against, as it is only by doing this that we can separate ourselves from this careless and absolutely worthless tendency which is too frequently recognized as goodness of heart. In the Harvey case one should look at the effect upon society if men of his stamp were excused because the enormity of their crime is so great that one cannot conceive of it having been committed by a sane man. At the moment, or perhaps during the day when the crime was committed, I am willing to admit that Harvey was not sane, but I would qualify this admission by claiming that no man is perfectly sane who does a criminal act endangering his property, his liberty or his life. If a man's mind is in thoroughly good working order and he has no evil tendencies which will drag it away from its anchorage, under any circumstances he is a most trustworthy member of society, and is more perfect than the average man. But if we are to adopt such a rule of sanity, every man who sins and falls far short of his eternal salvation cannot be sane, because he who for the sake of a moment's pleasure or the gratification of revenge or passion, will sacrifice his eternal welfare, cannot be capable of judging or he would not have taken the evil which may please him for the moment, while sacrificing the good which would ensure his happiness for ever. Perfect sanity, then, if so we are to call the ability to choose and act according to the best known principles governing ourselves and our families, is very rare.

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To more thoroughly comprehend Harvey's case let us glance for a moment at what is known of the man's life and find out where, if anywhere, his criminality began. It is admitted that he stole from his employer. Had insanity set in prior to his pilferings? It is not so urged. The palliation of his offence is found in the fact that his family lived beyond their means and that he had to support his position in the church and society by illegitimate gains. Then, if we are to go back still further for the fault and endeavor to excuse him we must blame the wife for spending more money than her husband could earn, and still further back by blaming the husband for allowing his wife to spend more money than he could afford. These things, however, can only be urged as the causes of conduct, which, when discovered, it is alleged drove him mad. What sort of morality is this? A churchman, a father of a family, a man who was endeavoring to impress others with his goodness was guilty of a breach of confidence and of the meanest sort of sneak-thieving—the robbery of an employer. Was he insane when he did this? He did it no doubt because he loved his family. If we are to believe the argument that he killed his family because he loved them and did not want them to feel the bitterness of his disgrace, then we find the man who was entirely sane could steal because he loved his family and we can easily believe the man while entirely sane killed his family because of his affection for them. I put the argument in this shape because those who are endeavoring to prove his insanity urge that what he did was caused by his tenderness for those who would be disgraced, and I repeat the examination of his conduct by again pointing out that he stole for the same reason.

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Now, then, is a man of this sort fit to live? Pirates have been known to be, in the bosom of their family, as gentle as sucking doves and highwaymen have been celebrated for their domestic virtues. In either cases does it sanctify their method of life or should it free them from punishment? I thoroughly believe that when Harvey was first driven to theft he was overpowered by the necessity of obtaining money and was not entirely sane. Further, I believe that when he killed his family he was not entirely sane, but finally I am certain that the man who can go insane so easily and deliberately as Harvey did, is unfit to live, because he is dangerous to the community, and no matter how long his life lasts he will go insane in the same direction whenever it is to his advantage to do so. Why do we put people to death if Harvey is not proper material for the gallows? It may be urged that executions are intended to deter others from similar crimes, and if Harvey be hanged, his defenders ask, "would it deter other Harveys who are insane and therefore incapable of comprehending their fate or caring what it may be, from similar crimes?" Perhaps not, though this is not all-important. But why should his example not have a deterrent influence on those who are unbalanced and liable to become victims of a homicidal mania? No doubt he intended to kill himself as well as his son, and death would not be a very severe punishment upon one who had sought it once himself. But I believe that the death penalty has a wider meaning than either as a deterrent or as a punishment. I think putting to death men who are no good to themselves or the community is a good way of getting rid of them. As I have frequently before stated, I do not prize human life as highly as many sentimentalists do or would have other people believe they do. If a man is unfit to live and has committed those crimes for which the divine law makes it permissable for us to inflict death upon him it seems to me we are not going beyond our sphere in doing so. There are a great many men who are unfit to live, who are nuisances and a danger to the community, who have never taken human life and we dare not take theirs, but when that line has been passed I think it a very safe and proper thing to dispose of them as summarily as possible. If they were crazy we cannot tell how soon they will be crazy again; if they were not crazy they certainly merited death as every murderer does. We are apt to think of a man's life as being entirely his own property, and the law looks at it in this way except with a view to the law of God who created that life. We all know that a man's life belongs to a certain extent to the community and Christ taught us both in his life and by his death if it is for the good of a community that a man's life should be sacrificed he should be glad to sacrifice it, and as long as the community is thoroughly satisfied that it is for their good that he should be put to death I think it is indisputable that their share in his being gives them a right to dispose of him under such circumstances. This may seem to be putting a very small value on life but what does our every day's experience show us to be the belief of humanity upon this point? Employers will grind to death—to a more horrible death than the scaffold—men, women and children who are paid less than they can live upon. The rich will ride past the hovels of the poor and never go in to see whether there are not lives slowly going out upon the altar of cruelty and want. Every day right in our own city there are hundreds of people being offered up to the slow torture of avarice and cupidity. The law cannot recognize the crime because we claim that we must give a certain rein to ambition and must offer prizes to those who are eager to climb to the top even though the rungs of the ladder of wealth and eminence are the gaunt arms of starvation and misery. On battlefields men win fame by the slaughter of their enemies and by the sacrifice of those who have offered themselves as soldiers either by reason of patriotism or for pay. It is useless, messieurs and mesdames, for us to claim that we think so much of human life when every day we are contributing to the death, or worse than death, the misery of others, in order that we may have more than enough. If then it be the recognized principle of civilization to be careless of what becomes of individuals so long as the community is served and burdens are made as light as possible, why should we preserve homicidal maniacs who care not for their own lives and are useless in this world, in order that an unusual, and, compared with other appeals made upon us, unworthy sentimentality may be gratified? It is but as Tennyson says of Nature:—

> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life.

Of what good is Harvey to the community or to himself? None. He is a murderer. If left alive no one can tell when he may be a murderer again; under every circumstance he will be a burden to the community. Under the law of God, as well as of man, in mercy to him and ourselves, it is just that he should die, and why should we be so much concerned about it? If we make a mistake here, under circumstances which point so strongly to the necessity for his execution, we can leave the rest to his God and ours.

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It is a surprising feature of such agitations as the one that is springing up on behalf of Harvey, that while the life of the murderer is at stake, people are so much concerned while a thousand lives around them, the lives of those whom God has made our neighbors pass away without a thought. In all cities as large as Toronto is, men and women are not only dying but souls are dying. Not only men, women and babes are being starved, but souls are being starved, and yet those who are so concerned about the death of a homicide never think that it is their duty to relieve and to preserve the unfortunate who daily lie passing at our doors. What is there in saving a life to that of saving a soul? Amidst grinding poverty and hopeless misery souls are growing up with all the deformity of vice fixed indelibly upon them, yet we do not care, or caring, our responsibility sits lightly upon us. We give a few dollars to a home mission or an orphanage and we rub ourselves with our hands and are delighted with the thoughts of our own generosity. It is an awful example of the inconsistencies of humanity, and sets in plain view the discord of our impulses and our laws. If a man's life is taken unjustly God can make that right, but if a soul grows up so that it is unfit for divine companionship and heavenly surroundings the inspired book tells us that there is a terrible fate in store for it. And yet we are careless! Do we rightly understand these things?

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Professor Reynar's formal reception address at Victoria University was a rather peculiar affair. He believes that "the work of the highest seats of learning in this country, must, in the nature of things, be college work for many years to come." By college work he explains that it must be the work of "teaching up to the Bachelor's degree," and his idea of a university is that of an institution for graduates, to lift them still higher up, and is not possible in this country and would be of very little use if it were here"; that "it would take from one hundred and fifty to two hundred professors and lecturers and a large part of the revenues of the province to sustain it before it could compete with the true universities of the world." At the present time he imagines that the province would not be able to furnish more than twenty or twenty-five students to such an institution. After two or three more generations he thinks our country may have resources and patronage for such a university. What is the logical deduction of this argument which is intended to combat the Federation idea? That not being able to have one of the best universities in the world we should be content to have none at all, and that as the duty of institutions of learning in this country must be that of "teaching up to the Bachelor's degree," that any one horse academy which can do this is as good as another. His argument means this, if it means anything. There are places in the United States where one can get a Bachelor's degree without being taught at all; there are others where the degree means almost as much as one from any place in Europe. "Teaching up to the Bachelor's degree" is a very indefinite phrase and a Bachelor's degree may or may not mean that the man who obtains it has been well taught. Then, if our institutions of learning are simply intended to lead up to this point why should they not be so equipped as to make our degrees worthy of acceptance. A degree in Victoria University may be worth as much as it is in the University of Toronto, I doubt it, but I am at least certain that it is not worth as much as a university degree would be if the Federation scheme were carried out. How many professors has Victoria? It certainly has not as many as the University of Toronto could afford to have if all secular subjects were taught by them while purely theological topics were the only province of sectarian colleges. If it would need from one hundred and fifty to two hundred professors to properly equip a university to teach the graduates of our colleges, how is it that fifteen or twenty ill-paid and in many cases ill-taught dominies can be permitted to dub a man a Bachelor of Arts because he has learned a part of what they knew, whereas if he had learned it all he would be scarcely fit for matriculation in what Prof. Reynar believes is a first-class college. Professor Reynar seems to have accepted the idea that we must have all or nothing; that it is better to keep our colleges down to the status of an advanced high school than to raise them nearer to the standard at which we should aim. He is anxious to wait until two or three generations have come and gone—until, in fact, Prof. Reynar is no longer a candidate for a position as professor. This is about the size of the men who are opposing Federation.

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It is a most charming thing to hear Rev. Canon Dumoulin denouncing "godless schools" when the community is so conspicuously unaware of anything he has ever done to make schools godly or otherwise better than they are or ever have been since he came to Toronto. He is much horrified at the thought of "godliness" not being taught in the public schools but he is not horrified enough to go and teach a little of it himself, as every clergyman has a right to do after school hours. I may be doing him an injustice but I have never heard it even rumored that he has devoted a part of his very comfortable stipend towards giving the pupils of Toronto's public schools an idea that there is anything or anybody more worshipful in Toronto than he is himself. It makes my backache to hear such men talk. Prof. King is another of the same kind. While Manitoba is in the throes of an effort to relieve itself of sectarian schools which are just as "godless" as anything could well be feels it his duty to get up and blat about "godless schools" and to try and stop the politicians who for once are entered upon a good work, from accomplishing it. It is much better for Manitoba to have "godless" schools than the bedevilled schools that they are now having and when we have fewer "godless" preachers and "godless" churches and less "godless" humbug we may expect to have godly schools and not before, no matter how many laws we pass. When preachers begin to know that they have a higher duty than to get up and howl when other people are trying to do something, and they are trying to do nothing, we will begin to imagine that the clergy are taking an interest in making people godly. Dr. King says that he would rather have Catholic Separate Schools, absorbing an undue share of Manitoba's revenue as they do, than have the word "God" eliminated from the curriculum. Now, as nobody is talking about eliminating either the word or the idea from our literature or our general teachings, his utterances appear to me to be an example of religious demagoguery, and unworthy of a man who is an ex-Moderator of a General Assembly. He said in his speech that "there are certain great truths which are the common heritage of man. All Christendom believes in God, in Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and in the ten commandments." Certainly, and it has never been the view of any one who has desired to secularize schools that these teachings should be removed from the places in the literature and lessons where they belong, or that the name of "God" should be expurged from the Readers or the lessons, so long as they are not associated with the doctrinal fads of such men as Rev. Dr. King. When he talks about the expurgation of the name of Deity from school work, he talks absolute nonsense; and I can conceive of no better reason for such a course than that he desires himself to be known as having greater reverence for the name and person of the Deity than have other men. But why, indeed, should he be anxious about religious teachings in the schools if he believes in his own Confession of Faith which alleges that certain persons are created to be damned and others to be saved? Is the God of the Calvinists to be turned from his purpose, established before the world began, by Bible lessons in the schools?

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All through this province the preachers have a chance to go through the schools and talk religion as long as they can get a scholar to stay and hear them, yet we know of no place where it is done. The Roman Catholic clergy do attend to the religious teaching of children, but they should be made to do it after school hours—after the child has been taught to know how to think and after time has been given it for the proper equipment of its mind so that thoughts of God will be worthy things and not the product of a mind so steeped in ignorance that its ideal is the offspring of superstition and priestcraft rather than the spiritual product of humanity from which darkness and illiteracy have been lifted. I believe in God just as much as Dr. King and Canon Dumoulin do, and I believe in religious instruction, but I don't believe in having it given at the public schools, where it becomes a bone of contention separating the community and causing deadly antagonisms. If Dr. King and Rev. Canon Dumoulin are such godly men let them go about teaching godliness to young and old, and not stand in public places crying out "God, God," and wondering why the people are not converted. They have "piped" unto the grown men in the market-places and they have not "danced"; now they would like to have the children of Protestantism brought under the same slavery to the catechism that we deplore in Catholicism. They may just as well disabuse their minds of the idea that they can use a sacred name to conjure with while they sit in comparative luxury and idleness and write sermons on "godless schools," while every day's history, written in the press and in the minds of men is of a "godless" church, a "godless" clergy, and of prayers and sermons which in the mouths of those ordained are as meaningless, uninstructive and as deadly to the cause of true religion because of their formalism as the prayers and dissertations of the unconverted and godless schoolmaster would be in the ears of grinning scholars, were he to stand behind his desk and endeavor to teach them spiritual things of

CRONIES.

which he is ignorant. While "spiritual things are spiritually discerned" they must be taught by men who have had spiritual experience, but the clerical idea seems to be that those who go to church, like those who go to school, have no spiritual discernment, and it is, therefore, immaterial whether their teachers have any or not.

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Toronto Presbytery has evidently not yet learned the beautiful lesson of minding its own business. It has been largely engaged in teaching the people how to spend Sunday and has insisted upon as much of the Mosaic practice as could be urged without making the whole affair absolutely ridiculous. On Tuesday it entered upon a crusade to prevent Thanksgiving Day from being made the occasion of a military parade inasmuch as such a parade would interfere with attendance at church. It is a wonder they did not try to stop the running of the street cars for the same reason! The reverend gentlemen seem to think that no one can be properly thankful outside of a church and that no thank offering can be made for the bounties of the year except by a priest at the consecrated altar. Has Protestantism come to this! What more Papistical idea could be advanced? And to see Pastor Macdonnell in such a role as leader of the movement is astounding. So he and his *confreres* would have us believe that unless we are in the pews smelling the burning heifer of their oratory, we have missed an opportunity of showing Deity how thankful we are! This is too popish for Protestants. By-and-bye we shall be told that we cannot properly feel either glad or sorry, unless we go to church to indulge in the feeling. Surely their reverences are trying to have the people within reach of the collection boxes whenever they are in the least inclined to be emotional.

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At last the viaduct scheme and the Esplanade difficulty are approaching a solution. An exceedingly economical and practical plan has been prepared by Engineers Armstrong and Galt of the Citizens' Committee and the City Council and Board of Trade are alike impressed by the value of the suggestions. We have so long been absolutely at the mercy of the railways that we cannot realize that intelligent action on the part of the citizens may effect a change. The railways have made us do so many undesirable things, that we had almost arrived at the hopeless point of believing that they, instead of the people, were the masters. If the present movement be persevered in, there is no doubt but that a different order of things will be inaugurated. Toronto is too big to be muzzled about as she has been. All that is needed is the assertion of her independence and determination to run this thing herself, no matter who is in the fight.

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The elopement of a Lobo farmer with his wife's chum shows that platonic friendships even in rural localities are not a success. The erotic mania which leads a man to forsake respectability and comfort is one of the most singular of all human impulses, leading men and women as it does to do things which a lifetime of repentance cannot repair. If the plea of insanity were to be successfully urged in anything, I think it should be made in such cases, for truly the conduct of mankind and womankind in such matters is only explicable on the theory that they do not know what they are doing.

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Whether or not the Ontario elections are likely to come off before the end of the year is agitating the politicians. That such a rumor has found credence is the only sign of weakness on the part of the Mowat Government which has been manifested since the French school question of last session. The politically premature explosion of the Conservative bomb frightened Mr. Mowat and his colleagues into doing what long since should have been done. That good was accomplished for the province, no one can deny, but that the friends of Mr. Meredith helped their prospects is not so certain, as the premier taking warning saved himself before he had to apologize to the people for his neglect of duty and servility to the hierarchy. What Mr. Meredith proposes to make the chief plank of his platform in the coming campaign has not been announced and his friends are waiting none too patiently for some sign from their leader that he is going to lead. Speculation has gone so far as to suggest that he himself will not be a candidate for re-election in London, and in many sections D'Alton McCarthy is expected to rush to the front when the tocsin is sounded. If this is the programme none of the wiseacres have been informed and it is growing so late that it seems to me impracticable. Whatever it is, one thing is certain, the Ontario Opposition has a surprise party in store for them, and it may be one very startling to both them and the Government.

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"How will the Catholic vote go?" asks a contemporary. No doubt it will go as the Protestant vote goes—in the line of what it considers its interest. People make a great mistake when they imagine that the priests in Ontario use their authority in elections, though we know very well that they use their influence. Even the latter is not practicable when no direct question affecting the Church is at stake. In the next campaign there will be such a question, but it is by no means settled what form it will take, and the Liberals cannot be sure of their allies until the fight opens, though now it appears almost certain that the Conservatives will be forced on to the Protestant horse, which in the coming race will be no laggard in the running.

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I hope you have all been thankful during the season specially set apart for thankfulness. It is difficult to have one's gratitude excited by any special fiat of the Government, but whenever one sits down to think of the mercies one has received, it is easy to find cause for thankfulness. The great joy of being alive and capable of being pleased, the fact that we can love and are beloved even by one person, are enough to make us thankful. That God has given us our daily bread and has forgiven us our trespasses—inasmuch as He has not visited them upon us—gives us the feeling of Sonship and with it comes the security of His care. With security—even remote and undefined as it may be with some of us—comes contentment and a sincere exclamation of "For thy mercies, oh Lord, we are truly thankful."

DON.

## Social and Personal.

That the social whirl has not yet become very animated is evident from the unusual quietness of this week, during which there have been few events of importance. Among those, however, was the first At Home given by Miss Marjorie Campbell at Government House on Wednesday afternoon. About five hundred ladies and gentlemen, prominent in Toronto society, called. Miss Campbell was assisted in the reception by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander Law. The callers were received in the blue room. A band stationed in the conservatory furnished music and refreshments were served in the ball-room. Miss Campbell will be at home from four to six o'clock p.m., every Wednesday until further notice.

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Mr. R. H. Fox of Tintagel, McCaul street, left town last week for New York, whence, in the weekly steamship of the White Star Line, he sailed for England. Mr. Fox will be away for six months at any rate, while he may not return until next winter! In many ways and by many people Mr. Fox will be greatly missed.

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Another departure from town at which society sorely grieves is that of Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and the Misses Merritt. At the beginning of this week these ladies sailed from New York for Europe. They intend to winter on the continent, returning to London for the season and will probably not be seen here until next autumn. Their hospitality is too well-known to need comment; their house on St. George street has been for many years the frequent scene of every kind of festivity; entertainers of so great popularity, such experience and resource can ill be spared.

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Mrs. Moore and the Misses Moore of College avenue left this week for Florida, where they will spend the winter. These again are ladies of great popularity, and whose entertainments have long been famous. Mrs. Moore's charming house is comparatively small, so that balls and crushes have been unknown there, but her dinner parties, and, above all, her suppers after the play, have been of the choicest and most attractive.

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One more record of a loss and I turn my pen to happier themes. Miss Robinson sailed last week for a prolonged stay in England. Miss Robinson's festivities at Sleepy Hollow, always of the smallest and most select, have enhanced the reputation which she gained at Government House of a hostess of tact and wisdom, and were amongst the most delightful events of a Toronto season.

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It is an old saying of society that it is impossible to make an entertainment successful on Saturday night, but it is the exception that proves the rule, and Mrs. Cosby's *soiree musicale* last Saturday night was that exception. Mrs. Cosby's fine house looked its best, so did her numerous guests, not too numerous, however, for the capacity of her rooms; while much of the best amateur talent of the city had been provided for their delectation. Mrs. Cosby scored a success on a somewhat difficult line of entertainment.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Beers of Exeter, England, were in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. Beers left on Monday for New York.

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The Hon. Henry Maxwell of London, England, is staying with friends in town. Mr. Maxwell is on his way home after spending nearly a year in traveling round the world.

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Mrs. Dobell left Chestnut Park last week to return to her home in Quebec. Miss Dobell has also abandoned Toronto, and is staying with the Hon. Donald MacInnes at Dundurn, Hamilton.

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Mr. Cross, a distinguished member of the New York bar and formerly of London, England, and Mrs. Cross, who was at one time a resident of Montreal, have been spending a week in Toronto.

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Mr. T. C. Patteson has returned to town after a short visit to New York.

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Rev. Henry Bruce of Clifton, England, is staying with relations in Rosedale. Mr. Bruce's eloquent sermon at a fashionable church last Sunday evening made a great impression on a very large congregation.

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Miss Langton of London, England, is the guest of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park.

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The Rev. Professor Jones and Mrs. John Strachan of Trinity College have sent out invitations for a ball to be held in Convocation Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 20th. This fine hall is particularly well suited to purposes of dancing, while a private ball within its walls will enable people to enjoy its advantages without suffering from the crush that usually attends the annual conversazione which the hospitable literary society holds.

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The ladies of the Sisterhood of St John the Divine announce that the next annual sale in aid of St. John's Hospital will be held in the Horticultural Pavilion during Easter week, beginning April 8, 1890.

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On October 24th Mr. James P. McIntosh was married to Miss Janet S. Russell. The ceremony, which took place at the residence of the bride's father, was performed by Rev. R. P. McKay assisted by Rev. John Alexander. The attending bridesmaid was Miss Mary Russell—the groom's best man Mr. D. Hawthorne. The happy couple took the evening train for Chicago. The excellent wedding breakfast was supplied by Caterer A. J. Lloyd.

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Mrs. Crawford of Church street gives an At Home this (Saturday) evening.

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The Toronto Club has in view a grand ball to be given some time during this season in their elegant new club house at Wellington and York streets. They will make it one of the events.

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One Monday, November 18, a dramatic and musical entertainment in aid of St. John's Hospital for Women will be given in Shaftesbury Hall. The object of the entertainment and the excellent programme promised should ensure a good house.

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The junior Bachelors' ball, which will be held in the Pavilion on November 19, promises to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. Sir Frederick and Lady Middleton of Ottawa have signified their intention of being present, and it is not at all improbable that several members of the Vice Regal household will come up from the capital for the occasion. Special attention I hear is being given to the decoration of the Pavilion and the music.

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Association Hall was well filled on Monday evening, the occasion being Miss Alexander's recital. The attractive little programmes announced ten selections, while two encores brought the number to a round dozen. Miss Alexander made, perhaps, her best hits in Come under my Plaidie, and Ginevra. In the first selection the sympathy of the audience was with the rivalled Scotchman, who declared that girls would marry Old Nick if he were wealthy. In the second, pity and admiration were excited for the Roman child-bride. In ease of manner, distinct enunciation, and varying facial expression Miss Alexander can scarcely be surpassed. Her bright comedy induced many a gurgle of irrepressible laughter from some one who had "been there." The little lady certainly gave her audience full measure of merriment, and her popularity in Toronto was indicated by the well-filled hall, and enthusiastic listeners.

### Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

*The following items were crowded out last week:*

As yet social events of any consequence have been very few and far between, and so far there is no prospect of any improvement in this respect, not even an afternoon tea being in order.

On Monday evening of last week Judge Burbridge entertained a few friends at his residence in Somerset street.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Magee of Cooper street, was At Home to a few friends between the hours of 8 and 11 30 p.m. About thirty people availed themselves of the invitation.

Tuesday evening last Mrs. Burbidge gave a small dance and musicale combined.

Great excitement was manifested at the championship football match, played on the College grounds last Saturday. Among the Toronto men were several personal friends of the ladies, of whom there was a goodly number on the grounds, whereas the College team were comparatively unknown; and as a consequence the Torontos received all the encouragement that the fairer sex condescended to give.

Mr. Robert Sedgewick, the deputy Minister of Justice, and Mrs. Sedgewick left the Russell House, where they have been residing ever since they came to Ottawa, on Monday afternoon last, and took up their residence in the house in Metcalfe street, lately occupied by the Hon. John Schultz, now Lt. Governor of Manitoba.

Mr. and Mrs. Gundry, of the Bank of Montreal, have returned from England and have brought with them as their guest for sometime to come a charming young English girl.

A good deal of speculation has been indulged in here as to the alleged social scandal in Ottawa, recently mentioned in SATURDAY NIGHT, as that was the first intimation of the sort that reached our Ottawa public. The best-informed gossips are unable to conceive what may be the meaning of the accusation, and it is pretty generally believed that the allegation is groundless.

### The People's Popular Concerts.

The second of the series of these concerts takes place in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, November 12. A good programme will be presented, in which the Chautauqua Orchestra will take a prominent part. The management have arranged matters so that every seat in the house can be retained beforehand, although the prices remain the same.

Prof. J. F. Davis has recently published three of his musical compositions which are worthy of becoming public favorites. They are La Zieka, Pit-a-Pat Schottische, and the Kirmess Lawn Tennis dance, which many will remember as being one of the most popular features of that popular *fete*.


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## Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—What wonderful transformations fashions do make In looking at a colored plate of American fashions yesterday I was amused when I found the dresses and hats looked much like those in a magazine my mother used to take years ago. The back numbers I was allowed to clip for my scrap book, and can remember with what disdain I viewed the small flat bonnets, the low crowned hats, the full skirts and plain draperies, because they were old-fashioned. Now they are with us again, and womankind uses her spare time in reducing back draperies, cutting down hat crowns and busying herself generally in trying to force old gowns to conform to the mode in as many respects as possible.

A dress which was worn last week on the concert platform was a "grandmother gown" of India silk. The full skirt had a wide band of self-color embroidery. The short waisted bodice was cut round in the neck, and had short puffed sleeves. It was the acme of simplicity, and looked well indeed.

A pretty little bonnet worn on the street by a stylish Toronto girl, is made of black velvet. It is low and full, and has a velvet band with a most bewitching little bow under the chin. The only trimming was white wings laid along the brim.

A pretty table centre is made of India silk, in white or any delicate shade, embroidered with tiny flowers scattered over it. If your china be white and gold, sprinkle chrysanthemums over the scarf; if it be blue or pink use flowers of the same color.

Among the new hats, I think the Dorothy and Phyllis will be more worn than perhaps any others. The Dorothy is a walking hat. The sides are turned up high, and the trimming is usually at the back or front, though some affect the side trimming, which, to my mind, has a distractingly lop-sided look. The Phyllis is a pretty little toque turban, high in the front, and trimmed on the crown with loops of ribbon or velvet. Sandraz is another style of turban with projecting front brim. The trimming consists of a cluster of tips and two or three ribbon loops which fall over the hair. Patti is a round turban, simply trimmed with folds of velvet, and a band of pleats drawn over the brim. It is plain, neat and pretty, but oh, so hard to wear.

Devonshire is a low crowned hat, with a wide and shelving front brim It has a band around the crown, and a bunch of tips at the back. A pair of strings certainly adds to its beauty, and one could fancy that a Devonshire girl would look bewitchingly beautiful in such a picturesque hat.

The Edgecombe is a small bonnet, the crown of which looks like a flat shell with the widest part to the front. The shell flares a little, however, to allow one to catch sight of a dainty border, filled with loops of ribbon, velvet flowers, or sprays of jetted feathers. It fastens with the band and bow, which still holds favor, though on the English bonnets I notice strings occasionally take its place.

A very handsome dress which I noticed at a church wedding some time ago, was of gold satin. One of the new collarettes, with ends tapering to the waist, was worn with it. The fur was bear, and its rich brown toned down the yellow and made it elegant, though striking. The bonnet *en suite* was of yellow and white. Another handsome gown was black lace over white satin. It was daintily pretty, not only the dress but the entire costume. Another dress, of which I caught just a glimpse, was of a particularly lovely shade of green. The trimming was dark, but while I was taking mental notes the wearer passed from my sight.

Chamois skin has found for itself a snug resting place in the esteem of Dame Fashion's followers. Not for a bonnet material, however, though one can never be sure of the future, since leather trimming appears on dresses. Pretty photograph frames are made of chamois in this way: A frame is cut from pasteboard of the size and shape desired. It is first covered with sheet wadding and then with the chamois. The ones I saw were very pretty—quite uncommon and sure to be substantial. In this instance the corners were decorated with heavy bronze-green cord, and a strand ran down one side of the frame. I have in my mind a whisk-holder in chamois, with a pattern in Kensington stitch, with gold rope silk and a long gold ribbon to hang it with.

I remember easing my mind on the subject of leather bracelets and watches, and, as I believe it is folly to condemn a thing when you can't suggest a better, I am delighted to be able to tell you of a handsome one I saw just lately. The watch was gold, open-faced, and four slender gold chains were fastened to it. The two chains on each side were caught in a band, about half an inch from the watch, and then clasped around the wrist. It was so dainty, and so unique, that I could not help following with my eyes the slender white arm which wore it.

Yours sincerely,
CLIP CAREW.

## Little Deeds of Kindness.

A glimpse of gentle humanity and acts of kindness is always so refreshing that I am going to give you one, told me by a friend who travels much and who scatters those roses by the wayside as simply and naturally as others go on doing nothing, not even giving a smile. As near as I can in her own words I will tell her pretty little story. She told it in the most modest way and with a view only of entertaining me:

"At St. Louis while I was waiting the usual hour and a half one always has to spend when changing cars, the most forlorn looking woman and child came in and sat next to me—at least the woman sat and the child said 'up, up' in the most plaintive little voice, but the mother did not lift her up. I looked around to see why and I noticed that the woman had her hand bound up in red flannel, and she couldn't move it. When I asked her if she had the rheumatism, she told me she 'had had them' for a long time. The child was certainly the dirtiest thing I ever saw, but what could I do? I lifted it on the seat, and I wiped its ugly little Irish nose, and then I took it, dirt and all, in my arms and carried it to the lunch counter and feasted it on cake and milk and gave the mother something to eat, and held the little wretch in my lap until it went to sleep, and the mother told me all about how Mike was killed a year ago, and how she was taking the baby home to 'her folks' for she had the rheumatism so bad she couldn't wash any more and the baby wasn't well and she really didn't keep it as nice as she would like.

"I looked at the little sleeping bundle of dirt and shuddered. I took the baby to the train and the woman cried big tears and kissed my hand and said she wanted to do something for me, and I told her to make one prayer to the Virgin for me and my sweetheart."

Then said my friend: "Now if my sweetheart has anything good happen him it will come from the blessed Virgin through the baby's mother. I felt better for it, little as it was. I know I am selfish and so are others, and I can't expect everybody to leave their vocations in life and go around the streets wiping the neglected noses of Irish babies, but there are a hundred little things we can do and I know they are right around us every day."

Such acts and such thoughts, if multiplied would make this world a ten times sweeter place to stay in, and when I think how chary some are, even of a smile, not to mention a gentle helpful word, how many women let the ogre, good form, frighten them into fearing to thank servants, into holding away their gowns from those they consider inferior, I wonder there is not more bitterness than exists. At any rate I am sure you will all be glad I hung up this little picture where you could enjoy it.—*Louise Markschefell in Toledo Journal.*

### His First-Born and he was Unused to Them.

Cannarty (to the nurse)—Sorrra, sorra, sorra th' day!"

Mrs. Berrigan—What's wrong, sor?"

Cannarty (in an agony of despair)—Th' kid has no tathe.—*Judge.*

### Coming Across.

Miss Pert (displaying wicker-bound flask)—Mr. Spert, don't you ever——

Mr. Spert—Thank you, my dear, I don't mind if I do.

Miss Pert—Get seasick? I've got some lime-water, if you do.

### Nicely Put.

Mother-in-law—It is so kind in you, John, to take the trouble to drive me home.

Son-in-law—Don't mention it. It is no trouble at all. On the contrary, it is quite the most delightful drive I have had for some time.

### A Difference in Degree.

There's nothing new under the sun, they say,
In fish, or in fowl, or flesh—
But he who'll run up to college to-day
Will find there is much that is fresh.

### The Opera and the Theater.

The season now being opened, the only proper dress is the full dress suit. As to dress at dramatic performances, the lines are not so closely drawn. If a gentleman joins a regular theater party, either in a private box or in orchestra seats, he should wear full evening dress, and in fact at all times full dress is admissable at the theater, but its absence is of course excusable when a gentleman has accepted an informal invitation to dinner, and goes dressed in afternoon costume, and afterwards invites his friends or is invited to the theater informally. Having received a full line of dress suitings with fancy evening dress vestings, I would call attention to my patrons and the public generally. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable West End tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.


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It only results in trouble and annoyance.

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Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches, &c., &c

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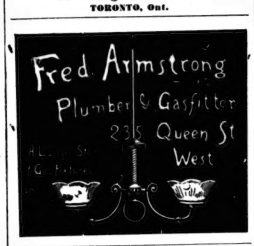


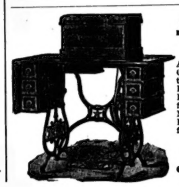

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will be offered all THIS MONTH in Every Department. Every Lady in Town or Country will not only get the finest stock in the Dominion to choose from, but they will save money by doing their FALL AND WINTER SHOPPING at

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Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS and MUFFS in BEAR and all fashionable furs.

Our Large Full Black Boas

at $15 are the best ever offered in the city at the price.

Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets

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We guarantee a PERFECT FIT, and use only the best material in their manufacture.

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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

# A DUTIFUL NIECE.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

After an absence of more than thirty years, Silas Thornton found himself again in his native land. At the end of a week's sojourn in London he began to wonder whether he had made a mistake in coming home. Home! How could he call this huge overgrown city, with not a face in it that he had ever seen before, home! The very streets had changed—their well-remembered features were gone. Old land-marks had disappeared, and monster railway-stations, hotels and commercial palaces had been erected in their places; and their cold grandeur seemed to chill Silas Thornton's kindly though rugged heart. He felt that he was uncouth and outlandish in his dress and manners; and he was shrewd enough to see that the people whom he passed in the busy streets were inclined to make fun at him.

His buoyant temperament made him hope that his future experiences would be more cheerful; for he was going to Jersey to see his sister Susan and her girls—the only relatives he had in all the world. He had not seen Susan since she was a fair, fluffy-haired, flighty little girl of fifteen, who seemed well-nigh broken-hearted as she bade farewell to her broad-shouldered awkward brother Silas, who was going to the other end of the world to make his fortune.

Silas had succeeded in his mission, although not without a very severe struggle. He had wandered far and wide, and often lived from hand to mouth, before he "struck ile" in the Western States of the Union. He had the moral backbone, energy, shrewdness, and stolid perseverance which are characteristics of the men of the North of England, and was bound to win in the long run—and he did, having worked his way up to be a partner in a great trading firm in San Francisco. He had kept up a correspondence with his sister Susan through all the years of their separation, and he knew of her marriage and widowhood. She had remained on the island ever since; and many were the handsome checks Silas had sent her in answer to her pathetic cry of poverty. He had written to her, saying he should be a fortnight in London, and would then cross the Channel to pay her a visit; but, having had quite enough of London in a week, the idea occurred to him of running over and bursting in upon them without any warning. In this way he would see them living their daily life, and thoroughly enjoy their surprise.

Many things, good among them, made Silas Thornton think he might do worse than wind up his affairs at San Francisco and settle down in Susan Mann's home. He was over fifty, and had been for thirty years a wanderer, and he sometimes pined for a fireside that would be a real home to him. And then there were his nieces—Kitty and Sue; it would be nice to have two bright young things in the house; and their mother had often written telling him what good, affectionate, industrious girls they were, helping her to make the best of her small income.

"Ah, bless 'em," he said to himself, "they sha'n't want for anything if uncle Silas goes to live with them—he'll buy them dresses, and treat them to London or anywhere they like, make their mother a round quite easy about their future! And they'll grow to love him, though he is rather rough, and be good to him when his gout gets troublesome."

These reflections were cut short by his cab pulling up at Waterloo Station; but they left a pleasant glow on his broad ruddy face, which beamed with good humour as he entered the booking-office and took a first-class ticket for Jersey.

The train was to start at 9 p.m., and he found he was fully twenty minutes too early; so he leisurely selected his carriage, bought a couple of newspapers at Smith's stall, and, unrolling his rug, settled himself in his corner, and looked out of the window at the people hurrying to and fro on the platform.

Presently his attention was riveted by a group of three persons—two ladies and a gentleman—who came and stood at the door of his carriage with the evident intention of entering it when it suited them. A second glance convinced him that only one of the three was to be his fellow-traveler; and she was a young lady of perhaps twenty-three years of age. She wore a long tight fitting coat which reached to her heels; she was very fair, with a brilliant complexion, and was evidently in the habit of exacting admiration as her due. Mr. Thornton looked at her with a critical air; he supposed she was a fair sample of a fashionable go-ahead young lady of these latter days. He thought she somewhat reminded him of what Susan was in her girlhood, only Susan's hair lay in waves round her head, and this young woman's was frizzed into a large bush which came down almost to her eyebrows.

"Well, we're in plenty of time after all," she said, addressing the gentleman and lady, who had evidently come to see her off.

"Mind you write to me as soon as you get to Jersey, Kitty," exclaimed the lady.

"Of course I will!" answered Miss Kitty. "Oh, dear, I wish I could have stayed with you both for another fortnight!"

"I wish you could," said the gentleman. "Annie and I owe 'the old ogre,' as you call him, a grudge for taking you away."

"Perhaps after all you may like your uncle very much," suggested Annie mildly.

Miss Kitty tossed her head and said:

"Nothing but unlimited tips could induce me to tolerate him!"

"What an unnatural girl!" thought Silas Thornton. "I am thankful my nieces are not like her!"

"When do you say you expect him!" inquired the gentleman.

"Next week, Mr. Dacres; but of course we are anxious to get our dance over first."

"But why!" querried the gentleman. "Perhaps the old fellow would like to see the fun."

"Ugh," exclaimed Kitty, "and disgrace us by wearing a suit of clothes made in Oregon! Thanks—we won't give him the chance! And, besides, what's the use of mother writing and saying we're so poor, when we can give a dance, and Sue and I appear in cream satin!"

Kitty and Sue! Surely those were his nieces' names! Silas Thornton felt dazed, but continued to listen.

"Well, I confess, Kitty, you don't look much like an object for charitable relief!" said Mr. Dacres, laughing.

"But Sue and I mean to look like objects for charitable relief when our uncle is with us, I can tell you. We mean to wear our oldest dresses; and I have a split umbrella that I shall flaunt under his nose every day, in the hope that he will give me another."

"Kitty, you are an incorrigible sinner!" declared Mr. Dacres deprecatingly. "What would your uncle say if he could hear you!"

"Lucky for my chances of a new umbrella that he can't!" retorted Kitty.

Silas Thornton gave a grunt of intense disgust. He had not the slightest doubt now that this odious young woman was his niece; and his kind heart sank within him. He was half inclined to jump out of the train and put off his visit to Jersey; but, while he was undecided, Mr. Dacres spoke to him.

"May I ask if you are going to Jersey to-night, sir?"

"Well," replied Silas, dubiously, "I have a ticket for Jersey."

Mr. Dacres seemed to consider that a conclusive answer, for he said—

"Oh, well, then, may I ask you to render any little service you can to this young lady? She is traveling alone."

Silas Thornton was compelled to say "Certainly;" and the obnoxious Kitty stepped into the carriage. She was delivering voluble messages and kissing her hands, when the guard slammed the door, the engine whistled, and they were off.

Silas Thornton gazed out upon the soot-begrimed chimney-pots of Lambeth and Vauxhall in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Could his sister Susan be as cold-hearted as this girl? Surely she had not forgotten their childhood in their Lancashire home! He would pluck up his courage and make a venture, and get her to talk of her mother without betraying himself. He was slowly ruminating how he might best effect this, when she saved him the trouble by saying suddenly:

"Have you ever been in Jersey?"

"No; I—I merely want to look at the place."

"Ah—a tourist! There are lots of them come in the summer."

"Then you are a resident!" querled Silas.

"Oh, yes—ever since my father died! My sister and I have grown up there. It's rather a jolly place," she added, after a moment's pause—"there's a regiment there."

"Indeed! And yet I gathered that you are sorry to return there!"

"Well, of course I don't like my fun in London being cut short, and all for an old fogy of an uncle!"

"But you must think of your mother. It may be a great joy to her to see your uncle again."

Kitty opened her eyes in amazement, and exclaimed:

"A joy to my mother! Oh, you can't expect her to care for a brother she hasn't seen for thirty years!"

"Really! Then I am sure I hope the poor man doesn't waste any affection on her!"

"Well," answered Kitty musingly, "judging from his letters, I think he does. He is always alluding to the old home where they were boy and girl together. I think people who have been abroad all their lives have a way of remembering old times and friends."

"H'm," ejaculated Mr. Thornton, grimly—"I should recommend more people going abroad for it!"

Kitty looked up at him sharply. The bitterness with which he spoke ill accorded with his broad, good-humored face; but the poor old fellow's heart was very sore, and his mind in a tumult as to what he should do.

She felt that she had been snubbed, though not having the slightest idea how very personal the conversation had been. She missed the full point of his remark, and, not knowing how to take it, maintained a discreet silence.

After a few minutes, however, Silas Thornton returned to the charge. Though every word she had spoken had stung him, he could not let the subject rest.

"Now this uncle of yours," he began, when Kitty interrupted him with:

"You seem to take a great interest in him!"

Silas felt that he was caught, but replied:

"Oh, dear, no—none at all in him! But I'm fond of studying human nature, and young ladies like yourself are new to me. I like to know the way in which you look at things—that's all. I was going to ask if your uncle is stingy."

"No; I must say that's not one of his faults," replied Kitty. "He has often sent handsome presents to mother, and sometimes to Sue and me as well."

"Then why do you hate him so?"

"I don't hate him," answered Kitty. "In fact, I rather like him, if he'd only stop away and go on sending his checks!"

Silas thrust his hands into his pockets, clutched his loose coin, and muttered:

"A negative sort of fondness that! I guess he wouldn't appreciate it!"

"Well, really," continued Kitty deprecatingly, "if you could have seen the photo. he sent us, you wouldn't wonder at our not wanting to show it to our friends."

Silas had forgotten the photo., and felt nervous as to his chances of being recognized.

"Was it like him!" he inquired.

"How else should I know? I could see nothing but a beard and a broad-brimmed hat on the top. He had had it done in some out-of-the-way place in the Rocky Mountains. He said he should shave before he came to see us; so his features will be quite a surprise. But his clothes—shall I ever forget them! That waistcoat!"—and Kitty threw up her hands and turned her eyes to the roof of the carriage.

"I see—if a man would win your friendship, he must look more to the cut of his waistcoat than to the goodness of the heart that beats beneath it!"

Kitty laughed nervously and said—

"Oh, now you are breaking out into heroics! But, seriously, I do think it the duty of every man and woman to make themselves look nice and fashionable, if only for their friends' sake."

"So that is your idea of the whole duty of man!" returned Mr. Thornton. "Jeremy Taylor took a different view when he wrote his book on the same subject; but no doubt he is obsolete."

Kitty was spared the necessity of making a reply by the train's stopping and the guard's paying them a visit to inspect their tickets. She was not sorry at the conversation being interrupted; for, though she despised her companion as rough and half civilized, she did not like the tone of satirical rebuke he had adopted towards her. She grieved that the subject should be dropped, and chatted on rapidly, explaining that they were being detached from the rest of the train, which would go into Southampton Station, and they would be dragged by horses into the dockyard close to the water, and would only have to step out of the train on to the steamer.

Silas Thornton listened as though he were in a dream, and when he got out of the carriage the cold night air made him shiver. He looked at the black shimmering water below him and the steamer puffing and panting to be off, and he felt inclined to turn round and get into the train again. Why should he go to Jersey and face these relatives who despised him! While he was hesitating, two officials promptly assisted him on to the little Southampton which spanned the gap from the quay to the steamer, and the next minute he found himself on board.

"Good night," said Kitty; "it is too cold to stop on deck. I am going down to the ladies' cabin; and I advise you to go to the gentlemen's, and turn in. I shall come on deck in the morning before we get to Guernsey, to see if there's anybody nice on board to talk to."

She tripped down the slippery stairs; and Silas, descending in heavier fashion, saw her vanish into a large cabin from which issued the wails of two or three disconsolate infants.

When Silas at last stretched himself on his hard, red couch among the fellow-passengers, he fell into a deep, untroubled sleep, and did not wake until they were in sight of Jersey. Then he rose and went on deck, and saw Miss Kitty deep in conversation with a youth of about twenty who was assiduously sucking the knob of his cane.

The old man did not approach Kitty and her cavalier, but leaned against the gunwale on the other side of the vessel. Leaning there, he could not help reflecting how different were his anticipations of his trip to Jersey from the reality. He was hurt, mortified, and disgusted by the facts that the unconscious Kitty had revealed to him; and he made up his mind that on landing he would go to an hotel for the night, and return to England the next morning without going near his sister Susan; and then he would go down into Devonshire and see Maria Crosbie. Maria had been a playfellow of his and Susan's in their childhood; and, if she gave him a cold welcome and sneered at him because of his waistcoat—well, he would turn his back on England for ever, and feel there was no place for him in the old country.

"I have come to show you the manor-house where Mrs. Langtry lived for a year soon after her marriage," said Kitty at his elbow, at the same time pointing out a square house embowered in trees half way up the hill-side.

"It is prettily situated," replied Mr. Thornton. "We shall be in soon, I think?"

"Oh, yes—there is St. Helier's Harbor straight in front of us! I feel quite jolly this morning! Mr. Lovell here been telling me of so many parties and picnics that are coming off. We must go to them in spite of twenty uncle Silases!"

"Will the old fellow object!" asked Mr. Lovell.

"Oh, well," replied Kitty, "he may expect us to show him the island! And, if there is one thing I hate, it is scenery—except at a picnic, you know; and I am sure he'll think us very frivolous, and quite the reverse of what mother has painted us in her letters. She always says we were so quiet and useful while in point of fact we never do anything but amuse ourselves;" and Kitty laughed heartily.

"All very clever and very fine to try to take your uncle in like that," said Mr. Thornton; "but take care you don't get outwitted yourself some day, young lady!"

Kitty looked up at him with a questioning glance, and immediately changed the subject, as was her habit when she was at a loss for a reply.

"If you want to know about hotels, I think you'll find Bree's the best, now the Jesuits have bought the Imperial and turned it into a college. I don't know that I am likely to see you during your stay in Jersey; the residents never do come across the tourists."

Silas hooked his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and said:

"No, I venture to say that you will never see me again in this world!"

Kitty looked as if she doubted his sanity, and exclaimed:

"Why, you are quite melodramatic!"

The next moment she was tripping across the gangway, escorted by her youthful swain.

Silas was among the last of the passengers to leave the steamboat. He took Miss Kitty's advice, and put up at Bree's Hotel for the night, and returned to England by the early mail the next morning. The outcome of his trip to Jersey was the following letter, which he wrote to his sister soon after his return to London:

"MY DEAR SUSAN,—You may be surprised to learn that I have abandoned my intention of visiting you. Believing that you and your girls were the warm hearted, frugal, but very poor people you wished me to think you, I had intended—if the arrangements were agreeable to both parties—to make my home with you for the rest of my life, and to settle twenty thousand pounds on you now, and to leave twenty thousand pounds more to your children at my death. For the reasons which have made me change my mind about all that I refer you to your daughter Kitty. I thought I would take you by surprise, and visit you a week sooner than I had named: and I had the privilege of crossing the Channel with Miss Kitty, and hearing the frank and candid sentiments of herself and family with regard to your humble servant. They opened my eyes to your deceit; and the result was that I returned to England the next day, sore and bitter at heart, and went down to Devonshire to see if our old school-fellow Maria Crosbie had grown to proud to know me. My meeting with her was the first gleam of pleasure I have known since I came to England; and I hope we may make each other happier still in the future, for Maria and I are going to get married. Miss Kitty is very sharp, but not quite sharp enough. Tell her that her affectionate uncle hopes she will find her cream-satin dress and her ball ample compensation for the loss of twenty thousand pounds.

"I remain yours truly,

"SILAS THORNTON."

The old man chuckled as he thought of the effect his letter would produce in the Mann household, and what a bad time Miss Kitty would have when her mother and sister came to know how her tongue had lost them a fortune.

As time went on, Silas's good wife Maria tried to soften his heart towards his relatives; but, though on all other matters he yielded to her wishes, on that one point he remained inexorable. The wound was too deep to be healed.

HILDA ROLF.

## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

SARAH VESTA.—Generous, even-tempered and lacking enthusiasm in the affairs of life.

ISLA.—Sensitive, eccentric, determined, and I am afraid—very "frivolous."

VERA.—Your writing shows indecision, pride, love of display and a fondness for admiration.

IDA M. HARROW.—Your writing indicates sensitiveness, selfish-ness and ambition. 2 The strangers should certainly call. 3. Hang the garment in the air, and unless the kerosene has a peculiar effect on that particular color the stain and greasy look will disappear in a few days. 2. Your third question is a very grave one. Surely you are mistaken. If your statement be correct, then he is very dishonest. Under ordinary circumstances I would advise you to keep out of his way. He would not engage himself to a girl, if he loved her truly, unless it did happen that he committed such an unlikely error, a man of sense and honor would atone for it in the only possible way—a full confession and a request for release from the engagement.

BUTTERCUP.—You are a self-willed, light-hearted, hot-tempered little mortal! Don't you know that you are all those things? If you are not, you may well be ashamed with me—that's a bargain. I think you are eccentric in a great many things, and that you lay plans, which you lack the perseverance to carry out.

NANETTE, Toronto.—Energetic, gay, a little frivolous, and a bit fickle. Careless, a merry companion and a true friend and a lasting friend.

NANNIE.—Reserved, prudent, careful in reaching decisions, neat and disposed to be unchaitable.

K. A. F., Montreal.—Your writing displays perseverance, a very matter-of-fact way of looking at things—thoughtful but not easily discouraged.

KERRY BOY, Toronto.—Artistic taste, irresolute, kindly and sympathetic nature.

THE GOAT.—Your writing shows self-esteem, an undaunted will which borders on obstinacy, and happiness of heart. Your friends, in all probability, sing of you—For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, and mean it, too.

IRENE B., Woodstock.—There is certainly no harm in corresponding with the gentleman. It depends altogether on the quality of thoughts interchanged as to whether it is a benefit or not. It is much better for her mother to ask him, but if the invitation is given by the young girl, it would be a little unmaidenly to do so. Your writing indicates generosity, lack of impulse and energy; a rather indolent nature—sentiments and some independence.

BEMA LISLE, Woodstock.—Your writing displays a thoughtful nature, generosity, an inclination to say more than you mean, and lack of the "grit" of the world of life. There is no harm in such a correspondence. It can be made an intellectual benefit; but the trouble is that they often dwindle into a mere exchange of compliments and sentimental rubbish.

ELSA, Toronto.—You are decided in action, self-esteeming and self-reliant. I am not a prophet, Elsa, and cannot answer your questions as to the future. Regarding marriage, in all probability you will succeed. Don't give much thought to it, generally play leading lady at a wedding. I think you would not act well, for you seem to lack power of concentration. An actress' life is continual concentration of mental and physical effort. Only an absorbing love for the profession and a strong constitution can make the life endurable.

### Yale's Hard-Working Students.

Harvard has a colored class orator just appointed, who paid his way through college, the course by working odd hours in a Cambridge barber shop and by tutoring several of his white classmates. Yale furnishes many examples of indigent students who have done as well as Class Orator Morgan of the crimson university. At Yale there are some fifty college men who are earning their board and tuition by assisting fellow students through the course.

The Yale prospectus promises that no deserving student need be deterred from matriculating nor feel compelled to leave college because of the lack of tuition money. Very few of the students, however, care to avail themselves of the university's generosity. If they're not smart and shrewd enough to pay their way by mental or manual labor they leave college. The bulk of their money is obtained by tutoring. There are seven students now in '90 who have thus worked their way from matriculation almost to graduation by tutoring the first two years in Latin and Greek and through the junior and now in senior year by givng supplementary instruction in the sciences to less talented or more indolent college men.

A Pittsburgh student quickly acquired a marvelous facility in translating Horace and Demosthenes and was soon tutoring a score of his classmates. Many of the Horation odes he could sing and translate on rewiew into strong idomatic English without a peep at the book, and he could do the satires into such apt, caustic Anglo Saxon as to compel many a smile from the solemn-faced professor.

This young man has made more money tutoring than perhaps any other man that studied at Yale, but, the first month of his course, before his talent was recognized, he had to eke out his tuition and board by grooming a horse, running errands, and doing general work for a venerable widow who lives a few blocks from the divinity school.

Another student, one of Yale's most noted athletes, is an officer on a small salary in the Y. M. C. A., and obtains his board free by waiting on a club of students at their eating house, and he isn't at all abashed by it, but is as proudly dignified as the wealthiest worthy he tutors.

Up three flights of rickety stairs, in an old-time house on Crown street, is a little attic room littered with papers and books, where a spectacled, tall-browed young man, with a Yale-blue cap on prepares copy left-handed for newspapers and for a college magazine; this work, with the pittance he receives for distributing a morning paper before sunrise, enables him to continue his course at Yale. He weaves English with an ease and elegance far superior to that displayed in the only specimen of Chauncey M. Depew's manuscript that is still preserved on the college files.

This tall-browed fellow is also a good orator, and has occasionally helped to pay his tuition by composing speeches for other men to deliver at banquets.

The vacation custom of waiting on table at the seaside and mountain hotels in the summer was begun by Yale students and conspicuous among these waiters was a native of New Heaven, who was graduated valedictorian of his class. He was a table waiter three summers in the Tip Top House on Mount Washington, N. H. This young man is now taking a post graduate course, and pays his tuition by teaching a light school.

One student from New York is an expert pianist and violin player, and gives lessons on both these instruments to some twenty pupils in New Haven and Meriden, thus making his tuition and a good-sized fraction of his board.

The majority of the students who earn their tuition are students of New Haven, whose fathers are either dead or have little means. —*N. Y. Sun.*

### His Vines Were Nipped.

"Great Heavens! but the country is all ruined!" he shouted as he met an acquaintance on Fort street yesterday.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, there was an awful frost last night! Everything has been killed as dead as a doornail!"

"Well, I dunno."

"But I do. Land only knows what will become of the poor folks this winter. One calamity follows another at lightning speed."

"Well, now, but I have a fine field of corn, and it is quite ripe and beyond damage. That's the case all over."

"Yes, but——"

"And my potatoes are ripe and can'b be hurt a bit."

"That may be, but——"

"And a frost like that won't hurt apples any. It is the usual time o' year to get frosts, and the crops are ahead of the average time if anything."

"But you don't seem to realize."

"Don't I?"

"No, sir. This morning I went out and lo! every tomato vine in my garden was wilted and blackened."

"I see. And you had two vines, probably?"

"Why, four of them, and they are gone—killed dead. I am no alarmist, but if we don't see more suffering this winter than for years before then it will be because Providence comes to cut out the summer weather. Gone! All gone! Good day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### One Objection.

"How intense are the fires of love!" ejaculated the poet.

"Yes," answered the father of six marriageable daughters; "but they do take an awful sight of coal."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

### She Could Not See It.

Lady (to sea captain)—How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?

Captain—By the compass. The needle always points to the north.

"But suppose you wish to go south?"

### Developed by Jumping.

Mrs. Curio (at the theater)—What splendidly developed legs all the actors with this company have.

Miss Jus Tout—Yes. It's due to the great muscular efforts that they are in the habit of making. I suppose. Why Mr. De Clare was just saying to me that the company jumped from San Francisco to Los Angeles last week.

### A Proverb Well Indorsed.

"Remember, my boy, that time is money, and you must use it to the best advantage," said old Parrott to his nephew, at the conclusion of an hour's harangue.

"I will try to," replied the scapegrace. And as he looked at the kind old man's fifty-dollar check in the hallway, he murmured: "Eighty-three cents a minute; that hour's been well employed!"—*Life.*

He Went

Jack Toosoon—I'd like you to be my wife, Ethel. Is it a go?
Ethel Unreddy—Well, it's a half go. You go.—*Puck.*

### Stopped the Clock.

Dentist (to patient)—This laughing gas doesn't seem to have much effect on you, sir!

Patient—No. I'm a professional humorist.

And the old clock on the wall that had been in the dentist's family for eighty years with never a stop, held its hands before its face as a dull thud announced that a cord had broken and a ten-pound weight had dropped.—*Time.*

### An Underground Mystery.

Uncle Si Low (watching pile-drivers at work on a West street foundation).—Waal, I swow! I've heerd about your buryin' the wires, but this do beat all.

Idler—What's this got to do with it?

Uncle Si—Why, when you git them telegraph poles druv into the ground, how do the men git down to string the wires?—*Puck.*

### Dear Little Soul.

Mr. Honeymoon—Did you sew that button on my coat, darling?

Mrs. Honeymoon—No, sweetheart. I couldn't find the button—but I sewed up the buttonhole and it's all right.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

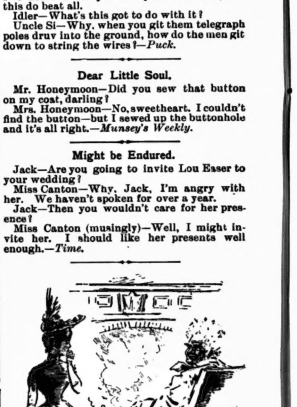
### Might be Endured.

Jack—Are you going to invite Lou Easer to your wedding?

Miss Canton—Why, Jack, I'm angry with her. We haven't spoken for over a year.

Jack—Then you wouldn't care for her presence!

Miss Canton (musingly)—Well, I might invite her. I should like her presents well enough.—*Time.*



What was the sermon about this morning, Ethel?

Ethel, (absently.) Such a ridiculous low sailor hat on a short stout woman—O—ah—I mean "Behold the lilies of the field!"—*Texas Siftings.*

### Transatlantic Ambition

On board the City of New York.

Mrs. Timide—I say, captain, don't you think in running at this rapid rate through this dense fog there is danger of our going to smash!

Capt. Bluff—Yes, madame. We are going to smash.

Mrs. Timide—Oh, captain, you——

Capt. Bluff—Going to smash the record, madame!

### Heroic Treatment.

Doctor—What are the symptoms of your complaint?

Steelface—I suffer from a very large appetite.

Doctor—Well, do you gratify it?

Steelface—When I find it possible. It won't be possible this morning unless you can give me a couple of dollars.

Doctor—I think you need a change of air. (And he got it.)

### Presence of Mind.

Mrs. F. (petulantly)—You never kiss me now.

Mr. F.—The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed! One would think you were a girl of eighteen.

Mrs. F.—What do you know about girls of eighteen?

Mr. F.—Why, my dear, weren't you eighteen once yourself?—*Life.*

### Unappreciated Labor.

Mr. Blockett—Miss Whiteley will favor us with a song, my dear.

Mrs. Blockett—How awfully nice of her! But just wait a moment. Mr. Howders is playing now.

Mr. Blockett (under his breath)—Is he? I thought by the sound he was working, and hard too at that.—*Judge.*

### A Rare Case.

Mocksun—Queer case, that of Flinders.

Socksun—What about him?

Mocksun—Had bright red hair up to the day that he dyed. Then it turned black in a single hour.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

### Changing Her Name.

"Oh, I've no objection to change my name," said Phœbe Warland.

She spoke in a tone no louder than her usual wont, but it so happened that the piano, violin and cornet engaged by Mrs. Dupre for her little informal dance had just finished the waltz numbers with a final crash, and during the unnatural silence that followed, Phœbe's voice sounded clear and distinct. Everybody looked in her direction; she turned intensely red.

"Most young ladies haven't," said Captain Casserly, mischievously.

"It depends entirely on who asks you, eh, Phœbe?" laughed Mildred Payne, not without a spice of malice in her voice.

Ulric Perry looked at her with a cold, disapproving glance. Of all things he valued delicacy and refinement in a woman, and up to this time he had firmly believed Phœbe Warland to be a pure sweet lily of the valley among women. And now this bold and startling declaration savored of the "fast young lady" type which he particularly disliked.

As for Phœbe herself, she sat silent, the rosy blushes suffusing her fair forehead to the very roots of her hair.

"I'm of the same opinion myself, Pheeb," called out Fairy Falkland, who was the most uncompromising romp in town "Only I haven't had the courage to declare it before folks."

"Here's the Lancers," said Casserly. "Miss Falkland, will you honor me? Always with the understanding that I'm not prepared to ask you to change your name."

There was a general laugh, and when Ulric looked around for Miss Warland her place was vacant.

"It is very strange," said he. "I had written my name down on her card for this Lancers. Now I cannot find her."

"It's always the way with these prim prudes," said his sister, Mrs. Lovejoy, with a toss of her head. "There's more than one side to 'em. I dare say she's flirting with that young Cuban officer out in the hall."

Ulric Perry was silent. Half an hour ago he would have staked his existence on Phœbe Warland's being right in everything. Now, all was changed on account of that unfortunate speech of hers.

Phœbe was very silent when she came home from the Dupre party. Cilla, her sister, was in unusual spirits.

"I say, Phœbs," she cried, as she brushed out her masses of auburn curls, "what a sensation you made!"

Phœbe made no answer.

"But it was a ridiculous speech, wasn't it?"

Phœbe bit her lip.

"You might have spoken up to defend me, Cilla."

Cilla shrugged her plump, pink shoulders.

"What could I say? That you were steadfastly determined to make a fool of yourself? Thank you, I don't mean to be the first to declare that fact to the public."

"Oh, Cilla! after the dreadful language that butcher used to mamma yesterday."

"Tradespeople always make themselves disagreeable."

"And that poor dress-maker crying so over last summer's unpaid bill!"

"All put on!" complacently murmured Cilla, the brush still passing in and out among the gleaming masses of her rich hair.

"We can't live on so, Cilla!"

"Other people do," retorted the elder sister. "And, after all, it isn't our fault; we can't pay people if we have no money. And it will all come right when we are once married and settled."

"Fraud and treachery never come right, Cilla."

Cilla Warland flung down her brush with an impatient exclamation.

"You ought to be ashamed to use such cruel language to me, Phœbe!" she cried. "Nobody would believe that you were a gentleman's daughter, to hear you talk! I just wish that Ulric Perry could have the benefit of it! But there's one thing—what you say or don't say won't make much difference to Ulric Perry.

"No, I know it won't," listlessly answered Phœbe.

"You saw that glance of his, then?"

"Yes, I saw it."

An! Phœbs went to bed, and cried herself noiselessly to sleep.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Lovejoy to her brother, Ulric Perry, several weeks afterward, "but one never sees that youngest Miss Warland in society any more."

"Perhaps she is out of town."

"No, for I met her on Wildman street after dark last night. Have you called there lately?"

"No."

Mrs. Lovejoy looked keenly at her brother. Ulric's face was as impassive as that of the Egyptian sphinx.

"Cilla Warland is extremely pretty," said she, tentatively.

"So are butterflies, and fire-works, and will-o'-the wisps."

"I never can understand you, Ulric."

"That isn't at all strange, Kate. I can't always understand myself."

But whenever he heard Phœbe Warland's name mentioned after this, Mr. Perry had a strange sensation as if people were talking about somebody dead and buried.

Just about that time the lace window draperies in the Perry mansion needed renewing, and when Mrs. Lovejoy heard that her brother was going to Philadelphia, she declared her intention of accompanying him.

"And you'll go with me to Beauclerc's," said she, coaxingly, "and give me the Valley Cashmere shawl you've promised me so long. Do, Ulric, there's a darling!"

And what could Ulric do but yield?

The shawl department at Beauclerc's was crowded, and the smiling floor-walker called one of the attendants from an adjoining room to act as lay-figure for the advantageous display of the thousand dollar shawl on which Mrs. Lovejoy had fixed her fancy.

"Miss Denton," he called, "be so very good as to step this way. There"—flinging the shawl in sumptuous folds over her shoulders—"you can scarcely fail to see the effect now."

Mrs. Lovejoy gave a little start.

"Ulric," she whispered, "it is Phœbe Warland."

But he had turned away and was apparently occupied in scrutinizing a rare old piece of German tapestry displayed in the window.

Mrs. Lovejoy put up her eyeglasses and feigned to examine the India shawl.

Phœbe turned white and red by turns.

"How do you do, Mrs. Lovejoy," said she, breaking the embarrassing silence at last.

"I thought it was you," stammered the customer. "But why did they call you Miss Denton?"

"Actresses always assume stage names," said Phœbe, coldly, smiling. "It is their privilege. "I am an actress—on life's stage. Denton is my middle name, and I have a right to it."

"Yes, but—but——"

"I understand. It seems strange to you. You can not comprehend my motive. Well, I do not blame you. We are poor. The Warland name and pedigree are not of any use to live upon, so I have decided to break loose from old traditions and earn my own living, besides paying a few troublesome indebtednesses. My mother and sister did not approve of my plan, therefore, to satisfy their scruples, I changed my name."

"Changed your name!" Ulric Perry had come forward now and was standing with his dark, intent eyes fixed on the girl's countenance.

"Was that what you meant, Miss Warland, that evening——"

"At Mrs. Dupre's? Yes, I was discussing the project with my sister then. She had made it a stipulation that I should entirely detach myself from the family gentility!" (with a bitter smile) "and I have done so. Not because I am ashamed of what I am doing," she added, a sudden flash coming into her blue eyes.

"Ashamed!" repeated Ulric Perry. "If ever woman was a heroine you are one, Miss Warland. And I have no words to say how highly I honor you, or—or how deeply I despise myself for misunderstanding you so completely."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Lovejoy, promptly flinging herself into the current of popular opinion. "So very laudable—so spirited!"

The shawl was bought and paid for, but Mr. Perry never knew exactly what the price was. His mind was absorbed with something else.

Did ever a man propose and become accepted in the shawl department of a monster store, at high noon, before? Probably not. There must always be a precedent. Ulric used no special form of words. It is possible that his eyes spoke more than his lips, while Mrs. Lovejoy was busy directing the packing of her new treasure. All that he was certain of was, that he did propose and was accepted.

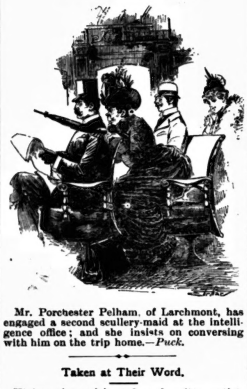
And for the second time Phœbe Warland openly acknowledged that she had no objection to changing her name.

### More Essential Than the Alaphabet.

Editor (to foreman)—Well, what's the matter?

Foreman—Isn't there any way we could get a barrel of apostrophes, sir? The printers haven't half got through with that dialect story you sent up, and our stock is most exhausted.—*Puck.*

### An Unsentimental Journey



Mr. Porchester Pelham, of Larchmont, has engaged a second scullery-maid at the intelligence office; and she insists on conversing with him on the trip home.—*Puck.*

### Taken at Their Word.

Vivier, the celebrated and witty artist, passed recently some time in Paris, on his return from his summer travels. He had hardly arrived when he was invited to dine with M. X——, the musical amateur and rich capitalist. After the repast, the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest:

"We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us—your plate will always be ready."

"Always?" said Vivier, "that is, in the fashionable sense of the word."

"By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day."

"In earnest?"

"Certainly; we should be delighted."

"Ah, well, since you are so cordial, I promise you I will do my best to be agreeable."

The next day, at six o'clock, Vivier presented himself.

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally; I have come to dine."

"Ah, it is very kind of you. It is very charming," said his hosts.

The dinner was very gay, and the artist on taking leave received many compliments.

The next day, as they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual, and faithful to my promise. But it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of his hosts, "it is singular. You appear surprised. Did you not expect me?"

"Oh, certainly; you give us much pleasure," said the Amphitryon.

Vivier sat down, in his happiest vein, and seemed quite unconscious that he had all the burden of the entertaining, and that practically the conversation was mere monologue.

On the fourth day, at six o'clock precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time coldness and constraint were very perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it.

"Your mistress of the house replied——

"It is only because we feared you would not fare well. We have so poor a dinner to-day."

"I thought you expected me; but it is of no consequence. I am not dainty. I wish only the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, then, turning to madame with a complimentary air, he said——

"What could you mean? This dinner is splendid. I could desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived, as usual. The porter met him at the door.

"M. X—— is not at home. He dines out to-day."

"Ah, very well. But I forgot my greatcoat yesterday; I must ask the servant for it." And darting up the staircase he knocked.

The door was opened—unsuspected apparition.

"Your porter is a simpleton!" said Vivier, gaily. "He pretended that you had gone out. I knew that he was mistaken. But what long faces! what a sombre and melancholy air! Has anything happened? Tell me, that I may offer my sympathies."

All dinner-time the witty artist continued and redoubled his entreaties that the supposed misfortune might be confided to him. He complained of their reserve, and indulged himself in all sorts of conjectures and questions.

"Have you lost money in speculations? missed an inheritance? Have you been wounded in your fortune—in your ambition?"

Then, at the dessert, bursting into a fit of laughter:

"I know what is the matter, and what troubles you. It is your invitation, so cordially made, and so literally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would throw me out of the window! I wish you good evening."

### He Was a Boiler.

"Are you the chief engineer of this concern?" asked an excited individual of the sub-editor.

"No, sir. I'm not the engineer; I'm the boiler."

And he proceeded to "boil down" six sheets of matter into a note of six lines.

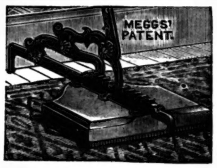
### A Hard Thrust.

A woman thought she had struck the concentrated essence of spitefulness when she told her neighbor, "If you didn't wear a wig I'd like to pull your hair for you, you nasty thing."

### Music With Soul.

"You stay dare, ain'd ut. I vas of holdin' you get tired."

Mr. Speitzer (enthusiastically)—Ach! Dot Wagner musick was sound human almost sometimes.—*Life.*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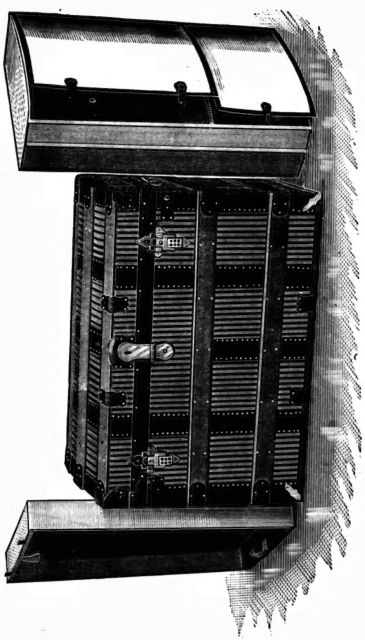

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## Among Old Friends.

Wandering about the east end of the city a few days ago, I happened to light on a second-hand book store with a quantity of shabby old books exposed for sale on a bench outside the door. Being very fond of peering into old volumes and loitering round book stalls where I have, time after time, found rare literary treasures, I stopped a minute to look at some ponderous ancient tomes, when I was accosted by the vendor of these learned wares, who came out from some mysterious depth of his dingy store. "What can I sell you to-day, Mam?" quoth he, in loud, hilarious tones. I looked up expecting to see the usual shabby, lean old man with spectacles on nose, whom one meets so often selling old books in London and Dublin. But, no; my interlocutor was a large, stout, jolly-looking Israelite, about thirty-five years of age, with the usual greasy skin and many ringed hand of his nation. He wore a second-hand suit of grey clothes, much too tight and too short in the legs for him. On his head was a low-crowned brownish hat which looked very rusty near his intensely black hair. Somehow he was not the kind of man one generally meets in a store of the kind and he roused a little curiosity in me.

"We have here every kind of literature," he went on volubly; "we can suit all tastes; there's two kinds of tastes I find among my customers, the light and the deep. Now here's The Black Monk, The Mock Burial, those here are deep. Then you have romance an' feelin', The Lost Heir, The Fair Bride; fine book that, draw tears from a"—here he looked about him vaguely—"well," fixing his eye on one, "from a stone, as somebody says; or if, you like science, now, why here you are! Just the thing, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. There's a work, deep, awful deep," he went on as he took the works named and stacked them in a little pile before me. "All for ten cents apiece, except Burton an' he's cheap at two dollars."

"I think I'll come inside and look round your stock," I answered. "I want a work of Kingsley's, Plays and Paritans."

"Certainly, ma'm, certainly," replied the jolly proprietor, who was better up in his knowledge of dime than scientific literature.

I followed him into the dark little store, and while he went off in pursuit of Kingsley, I amused myself by examining the books, of which I found a goodly supply. It is wonderful what treasures one will sometimes stumble over in these fusty, musty old places. I much prefer hunting around in these dingy emporiums of knowledge to the regular bran-new book store, where old friends wear new faces, and where Becky Sharp, in a new dress, scornfully surveys you from a distant shelf, and Little Dorrit, in green and gold, looks at you in a magnificent Mrs. General Manner, not at all like the shabby red-covered Little Dorrit with the Marshalsea shadow upon her who lks at home with other old favorites on your bedroom shelf.

Ah, here is an old friend smiling at me from under a heap of dime novels! David Copperfield—who does not know thee, young Brooks of Sheffield, with thy many friends? Rugged, kind by Mr. Pegotty with his Little Em'ly and wonderful Micawber waiting cheerfully as so many of us do, only not in such a gay and careless mood for "something to turn up." I remember long ago when I was a girl and it happened (which was not often) that I had no appetite for the coming dinner, how I would invariably hunt up David and read that part wherein the hero buys his "penn'orth' of pudding," and on high days and holidays his pint of ale with a "head" on it, and straightway I would find a keen and voracious craving rising within me, and I would enjoy the cold mutton and hot potatoes with a fine relish, thinking all the while how much David would have liked the "Jack in the blanket" which my mother gave us by way of pudding on cold meat days.

Ah-ha, Thackeray, you need not look at me in that supercilious and contemptuous manner, even though I do hail from the land of pigs, potatoes—and patriots. You wrote some very fine books my friend, and you knew it, and you were the greatest snob in your book of snobs, but for the life of you, you could not make us weep as we have wept for Little Nell. Why, gentle Elia, here you are with your mild criticism and Lamb like fancies. We've had our pleasant hours together too, my friend, over Roast Pig, and the genial bottle. Whenever I meet Charles Lamb's works, I always see the pathetic little picture of the brother and sister, hand in hand, walking through the fields together towards the grim asylum whence presently Elia would return alone, the tears falling on "his folded hands as he walked."

Yonder on that dusty shelf lies Irving of Sleepy Hollow and Knickerbocker fame, the child of the Great Republic, the man who, as Thackeray says, most "worthily represented America in Europe." Beautiful indeed are his works with their exquisite grace of language, and well may Americans be proud of their country man, the easy polished and most perfect gentleman. Ah! Jane Eyre, dear companion of many wanderings, "master work of a great genius!" Do we ever think of the noble hand which penned thee, I wonder, as we turn leaf after leaf, impelled by the wonderful fascinations of the book. Poor Charlotte Bronte! Small, lonely figure with the beautiful earnest eyes. She is at once our friend, and we read the sad story of her life and walk with her and her sky sisters over the great purple-black moors, in their gloomy northern home, or we sit with them when, as Mrs. Gaskell tells, after evening prayers the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne, "began like restless wild animals to pace up and down their parlor making out their wonderful stories, talking over plans and projects, and thoughts of what was to be their future life." I think I know that book in yonder corner. Ah, I thought so! Beloved Autocrat of the Breakfast Table! Master of smiles and tears, Oliver Wendell Holmes, another of America's great sons! The man who surely invented a new kind of literature, and who called his beloved Boston that which she will ever be known as, "the hub of the solar system."

And so I wander through the dingy old store in Toronto which is no longer dark to me, but filled with the light of diversified genius, and I see on every side of me old friends. Gog and Magog, Littlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green, and bluff old Commodore Trunnion and Tom Pipes and, that greatest of all crazy knights, Don Quixote, with his trusty squire. Ah, my good friends; and no one but the books themselves, and, perhaps one other, far distant now, knows how near and dear they have been to me, true friends indeed cheerily lightening many a heavy hour and keeping green in my memory thoughts of those who sleep on the "Eternal Shore." Adieu, old friends, while yet we are alone, for yonder I hear the noisy clatter of my Israelite, who now appears triumphant with the long sought Kingsley in his grimy hand. "How much?" "A dollar." "Here is seventy-five," and after a minute's haggling I grasp my Plays and Puritans and in meditative mood pursue my way.

Oh, let us, as somebody says, "make of our books dear old friends not merely nodding acquaintances," and we will find that by their help "many a kind thought is recalled and now and again a dear memory." KIT.

## MUSIC

On Monday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club gave a concert under the management of Mess rs. J. M. Depew & Co., at the Pavilion, before a very fair audience. The Club has a very good *ensemble*, especially in soft passages, while the tone is strong and full in louder effects, though a trifle lacking in sonorousness. The selections offered were light and graceful, with no attempt at classic form, unless the Baccherinni menuet might be excepted. An Allegro by Heinrich Hoffman opened the programme, a number in which there is plentiful talent and not a little search for originality. I was specially delighted with a Romanza by Arthur Foote, a very warm, glowing composition, and also with a beautiful little slumber song by Alfred De Seve, which was exquisitely played. Langley's trio compositions, Evening Breezes and a Serenade, had a curious effect on me. The strongly-marked rhythm in both suggested a patrol to me, and I could not rid myself of the idea that one was a Rogues' Patrol and the other a Burglars' Patrol. One was full of rollicking motion and the other teemed with stealthy, mysterious movement. Seriously, however, the latter was a very pretty imitation, pizzicato, of the music of mandolins and guitars.

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The Hungarian Dance by Brahm was not so well played. The Club hardly rose to the eccentricities of tempo, and did not effectively illustrate the sensuous music. MOZS. De Seve played the Adagio Rondo by Paganini in a rather eccentric manner. His tone is broad and very strong and rich, yet uncertain, and his double stopped harmonics were painfully incorrect in intonation. His phrasing as well as his posture lacked repose. In his two encore pieces he was heard to better advantage, his great executive power showing in the Carneval de Venise. His Home, Sweet Home brought out some magnificent tonal effects in the double stopped passages. Mr. Otto Langey, clever as he showed himself as a composer, and intelligent and effective as he showed himself in the ensemble played, yet had a grievous fault as a soloist. He had a bad intonation, which at times clashed badly with his accompaniment. *Au resto*, he gave a faithful and musicianly rendition.

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I am not usually an admirer of "the melancholy flute," but Mr. Lax's playing goes far to reconcile one to that instrument. His exceedingly clever arrangement on Paganini's Witches' Dance was played with a certainty that was wonderful, and the rich velvety tone that he charmed out of his instrument was admirable. Even the screechy flageolet became a charm in his hands. Mr. Stoelzer's curious instrument, the viola d'amour, has a weird, Æolian sort of tone, very plaintive and fragile in quality but very sweet. The singer of the company, Miss Augusta Ohrstrom, has a large, powerful voice, a trifle weak in the middle register, and though she sang her Jewel Song with all the conventional points, was rather lacking in elegance and refinement of performance, making uncouth jumps at her high notes. Better work was done in her Bolero, which showed some fine pianissimo singing, and which was encored, in response to which she sang Take me, Jamie, in dramatic style.

•

Mlle. Adele Strauss left town for New York on Wednesday of last week, and will sing in concerts in the Metropolis. She has had some very brilliant offers from concert companies, but has taken the advice of her friends and of her agent and will make her *debut* in New York, under the baton of Theodore Thomas and of Walter Damrosch. The many who admired her performances in Toronto will heartily wish her success in her new sphere of effort.

•

On Saturday last an examination of the piano pupils of the Ontario College of Music, Mr. C. Farringer, director, was held in the college rooms. Excellent proficiency was shown, the first prize being gained by Miss Thorn, the second falling to Miss Poucher, and the third to Master Frank McConnell.

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Next week's events embrace the Heintzman Band concert on Monday evening, with the great cornet soloist Jules Levy as the chief attraction, assisted by his concert company; and on Thursday evening the annual concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, with Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Charles V. Slocum, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. H. L. Clarke, and the Queen's Own Band.

•

Mons. Henri De Besse, a violinist now resident in the city, will give a vocal and instrumental concert at the New Academy of Music on Tuesday, November 26, when among other numbers he will play Franz Ries' difficult Suite. He will be supported by Miss Alice Waltz, Miss Annie Langstaff and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

•

I saw Mr. Henry Bourlier, the new president of the Torrington Orchestra, the other day, and found him brimming over with enthusiasm over his new forces. The orchestra has commenced work and is already in good practice; it will give two concerts this season for both of which some new and especially fine music has been selected.

•

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. Fred C. Smythe, Mus. Bac., formerly of Belfast, and now director of the organ department in Dingley Brown's College of Music at Ottawa, gave an organ recital in the hall of the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Smythe proved himself to be a very good organist, with fine powers of registration. His programme was, however, hardly up to the standard for organ recitals in Toronto, the frequent visits of Mr. Frederic Archer having largely contributed to bring this about. The most important numbers were an Overture by Handel, a Gloria from a Haydn Mass, Mendelssohn's 2nd Sonata, very well rendered, and a Grand March by Smart. The other numbers were enjoyable but of a much lighter nature. Mrs. Macfarlane added interest by some lovely songs.

•

An important addition has recently been made to the musical forces of Toronto by the advent of Herr Robt. Mahr, a violinist, formerly of Berlin, Germany, and for two years a favorite pupil of no less a celebrity than Joseph Joachim. At a concert recently given at the College of Music, Mr. Mahr played the Legende and Mazurka of Wieniawski in excellent style. His tone is remarkably pure and sweet, while his technique is such as to overcome all the difficulties with which all musicians know that these numbers abound. Mr. Mahr is now on the College staff. METRONOME.

## The Drama.

The largest houses of this season were those which greeted Robert Mantell at his last performances of The Marble Heart and Othello last week. Standing room only was the order at the Grand last Saturday, and many stood during the entire play. Toronto audiences are not niggardly with their approbation when a player suits them and this Mr. Mantell appeared to do, as he was often recalled at each performance, and to crown all, compelled to make a little speech in which he did not jump the fences of conventionality. The success which attended his production of Othello here last year was increased, if anything, by his performances this season and his conception of this great character is one that does not in any degree detract from the spectator's preconceived notion of the power which should attend the delineation of perhaps the greatest of Shakespeare's creations. It can also be said of Mr. Price's Iago, that it is a vast improvement on his former playing. I know not why it is, unless Mr. Price possesses the latent instincts of a born comedian, but something in his personality, his tone or his manner makes one laugh even when he speaks serious lines. I remember this was very noticeable in his Iago last year and I also observed it in The Marble Heart. When he delivered some of the monologues of the crafty and villainous Iago, his auditors laughed at the tricks of the practical joker rather than shuddered at the cool villainy of the cold-blooded scoundrel.

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The Marble Heart is an adaptation from the French, whose motive is the baneful influence of the coquette. It has a prologue which is laid in ancient Greece. Phidias, the sculptor, was commissioned by Gorgias to make him a group of statuary. This he does, but when he has finished it, is so much in love with his own creations that he refuses to part with them. Gorgias demands them and threatens to take them by force, whereupon Diogenes steps in and suggests as a settlement to the dispute that the statues themselves shall decide. Accordingly both appeal to the statues. One has love, the other, wealth. The marble hearts choose the wealthy man. This is used as a foundation on which to build a modern drama in which a young and successful artist is ensnared by the Circean charms of a Parisian coquette. His infatuation leads him from his work, causes him to leave his comfortable home and his mother to throw himself with his little fortune at the feet of a beauty of marble. His case is that of many less romantic. He is discarded when his money is gone and returns home broken-hearted to die. The Marble Heart is not what Carlyle would call a "healthy" play, and bears very strongly the impress of the realistic tendency of French art. I do not think Mr. Mantell gives a more favorable impression of the young artist at the commencement of the play than the playwright intended. We admire his manly bearing, independent spirit and above all his loyalty to his mother, which is brought out in his refusal to go to dinner with the coquettish Marco and her party when he first meets them in the forest of Fontainebleu. But when we see him, shortly after, abandoning his work, unheeding the warnings and entreaties of his best friend, crushing the germ of a nobler love and deserting his home and the mother he had defended, all for a woman whose true character the writer of the play has made no effort to conceal from him—he drops fatally in our esteem. When again, towards the end, he returns home broken-hearted to find his mother dead, our sympathy for his desolation and despair can not entirely redeem the prestige he has lost. We pity, but do not admire. The character of Raphael Duchallet is not impossible; but it is not the character we would wish to see pictured in drama. We have not even the satisfaction of considering him great in his wrong doing. The spectacle of a weak man brought to the grave by an irrational passion, does not carry with it the wholesome sentiment it should be the object of dramatic art to inspire.

•

A voice from the past has been speaking to us at the Grand Opera House this week, where Rice's Evangeline was presented after a rest of many years. The quality of Rice & Rosenbaum's company and the general style in which the burlesque is put on can scarcely justify one in calling the revival of the old favorite a distinguished success. The Lone Fisherman, a character unique enough to make a success of any farcical piece, was represented by Mr. Maffett, the original creator of this part. The imperturbable and ubiquitous Fisherman was the most delightful feature of the performance. Not far behind, however, was the Catharine of Mr. Fortescue whose elephantine gambols gave rise to a deal of mirth. Mr. Daly as Le Blanc was also amusing. There was the usual display of tight-clad femininity, looking like the lilies of the field—in the gorgeousness of their array, I mean, not in slenderness of form. Like all other shows of its class Evangeline is permeated with leg and girl. Its chief merit lay in its spectacular side, as the singing was not brilliant.

•

On Thursday afternoon (Thanksgiving Day) Arthur Rehan's company opened a short engagement at the Grand in Surprises of Divorce. On the same day the Wood-St. John English Comedy Company gave the first dramatic representation in the New Academy of Music. These performances occurred too late for extended notices this week.

•

Next week comic opera will occupy the stage at the Grand. One of the Casino traveling companies, headed by Miss Helen Lamont, will present the two famous operas, Erminie and Nadjy. The former has been seen in Toronto three or four times, but the latter has its premier here next week. Its reputation as a light, bright and taking performance has long been well known, however, and there is little doubt it will attract large and fashionable audiences. The company is large and carries its own orchestra.

•

The burlesque, Arabian Nights, running at the Toronto Opera House all this week is very far from being the highest type of that class. It is in fact the worst specimen of burlesque that has struck this town for many a day. The chorus girls are the most striking characteristic of the show, and even they, with two or three exceptions, have faces ugly enough to scare a bulldog or discourage a bald-headed masher. The costumes are tawdry, and those that once were white, tell even to the occupants of the back seats, tales of dirty dressing-rooms and careless handling. A few minutes with needle and thread, well employed, would do some of them no harm. What scenery there was did not contrast badly with the costumes. Bright humor, catchy and sparkling songs, beautiful girls in beautiful costumes and backed by elegant and harmoniously-colored scenery—all the requisites necessary to make burlesque palatable—are wanting in Arabian Nights.

•

At the Toronto Opera House next week will appear bright-faced little Corinne in her new and original burlesque, Arcadia, of which the *Detroit Free Press* says: "The house that assembled at Opera House last night to welcome the little favorite, Corinne, was a crusher. The reception to the little queen of song and beauty was simply an ovation. The play was her new and original burlesque, written by William H. Gill (author of Adonis), entitled Arcadia. It is a burlesque of the broadest order and gives Corinne ample opportunity to display her versatility and numerous accomplishments. She is greater in all she does than ever before, and received many genuine and hearty encores for her painstaking work. Her supporting company, numbering forty people, was excellent, and where all did so well individual mention would be superfluous. The scenery, all new, was gorgeous; the wardrobe and effects beautiful, the chorus large and well trained, and the production a perfect marvel and by far the grandest performance ever given in Detroit."

•

On Tuesday evening, November 12, at the Academy of Music theater goers will have an opportunity to witness one of the finest attractions which will be here this season. This will be Bootles' Baby, one of the most successful plays of the day, pronounced by critics everywhere, to be a second Little Lord Fauntleroy. The play was originally produced in London over a year ago, and is still running to crowded houses in the English metropolis and provinces. Its first production in this country took place at the Madison Square Theater, New York, where it achieved a run of over one hundred nights. It will be given here with the complete original cast, costumes and accessories. The company is an unusually strong one, being made up principally of players who appeared in the London production. The star will be Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson, a splendid actor, who for years starred with Miss Kate Claxton. Charles W. Garthorne, who plays the leading comedy part, is a brother of Kendal, the famous English comedian, at present making a tour of America. The part of the child, Mignon, known as Bootles' Baby, will be played by Gertie Homan, who is conceded to be the cleverest youngster on the stage. She is one of the original Little Lord Fauntleroys, and bears the reputation of playing the role better than any youngster who has yet attempted it.

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Mrs. Scott-Siddons will be at Association Hall on the evenings of November 13 and 15 and will also give a matinee on Saturday the 16th.

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On Monday evening, November 11, at the Pavilion, Mr. Geo. W. Cable, the well-known American writer, will read his touching story, Grande Pointe. This will likely be one of the intellectual treats of the season.

### Embarrassed.

*For Saturday Night.*

Against a fence bedecked with bills
He leaned with visage grim,
And, as he chewed an ancient straw,
I mildly questioned him.

"Ah why, oh man, with sorrow bowed,
Are you so sad," I said,
"Why do you, ever and anon,
Forlornly shake your head?

"Has death's cold hand removed from earth
Some loved and only one,
And left you, lonely and for orn,
To mourn a dear one gone?"

"Ah no, indeed, 'tis not for that,
My heart is sore and sad,
It is my business that has gone
Completely to the bad!

"For many weeks successfully
I've plied my modest trade,
And, by a fair and upright walk,
A little I have made.

"But now my trade is at an end,
Want stares me in the face,
For, soon of all my little hoard,
There will not be a trace."

"What calling is it?" then said I,
"That thus has failed to pay,
Why may you not continue it,
I pray you quickly say?"

He murmured softly, as his head
Upon his bosom fell,
The while he gently chewed his straw,
"Fly-paper, sir, I sell." W.

### A Toast.

*For Saturday Night.*

Oh here's to the heart that did not ache
Though the maiden said us nay!
And here's to the cold we didn't take
On a foggy November day.
And here's to the ills that didn't come
And the pains that might have been,
And here's to the tumble we didn't get
In the hole that we hadn't seen!

And here's to the grief we waited for
While we filled our days with fear.
And here's to the friends we thought were false
Who have proved them true and dear.
Oh here's to the rain that didn't fall
On the cloudy holiday.
And here's to the evils great and small,
That never have come our way! GRACE E. D.

### Misunderstood.

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside one heap a little lad
With serious eyes and all intent
Upon his work, with patience had
Moulded a mound, and as I went
Past him, I wondered what it meant.
"A pie?" I asked. "A fort," said he.

Beside the other pile of sand
There sat a tiny golden haired maid:
She patted with her baby hand
The warm white hillock, and I said,
"That is a noble fort you've made."
"No, tis a pie," she answered me.

We grown folk hardly understand
The happy fancies children have,
Busy amid the sea beach land,
That is washed white by many a wave.
The boy would be a patriot brave;
A housewife would his sister be.

### What Is Good.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

### Mrs. Grundy Satisfied.

Oh, she was the parson's daughter,
And he was the deacon's son;
He saw her home from meetin'
And thus it all begun.
He saw her home from meetin'
Just as he should have done,
For she was the parson's daughter
And he was the deacon's son.

He called to see her mother
Upon a Sunday night
To ask if she remembered
The date of Joseph's flight.
He called to see her brother
And stayed till set of sun,
For John was the parson's hopeful
And he was the deacon's son.

He called to see the parson
And then he called again,
But the only thought he ventured
Was "I don't think 'twil rain."
They always made him welcome
As they did every one,
And then it was the parson's
And he was the deacon's son.

At length there came a crisis,
He took her out to ride,
And Love dispelled his shyness—
He begged her to be his bride.
And gossips never wondered
For once at what was done,
For she was the parson's daughter
And he was the deacon's son.

The girl was sweet and pretty,
And she could sew and bake,
And he was tall and manly
And bold in meetin' spake;
And all w s right and proper,
The prize was fairly won,
For she was the parson's daughter
And he was the deacon's son.

## Noted People.

The portrait of his small Majesty, the King of Spain, now decorates the Iberian postage stamps.

Emperor William has suggested that every high school in Germany should be equipped with a phonograph as a sort of vocal mirror, in which the speakers can perceive their own vocal imperfections.

Mrs. Augusta Evans-Wilson, the Southern American novelist, is short and stout, with a good-natured, intelligent face having an expression of happy contentment, showing that she is on good terms with her husband and the rest of the world.

Bronson Howard recently remarked: "I suppose that I write a whole play about three times from beginning to end, but in doing so I copy many whole scenes unchanged. Certain parts of the play I may write six times before it suits me."

The new crown which has been manufactured for the German Emperor by the court jeweller weighs three pounds, and is adorned with a hundred fine diamonds. That provided for the Empress is ornamented with eleven pearls and nearly fifteen hundred diamonds.

Miss Kate Drexel, one of the three millionaire Drexel sisters, has decided to take the veil and devote herself to a religious life. She went into retreat at Pittsburg for several months before making up her mind, and has now decided to give herself up to missionary work among the Indians.

Archdeacon Farrar's son, now at Lehigh University, is quite a wit. While in Philadelphia he lionized a good deal. One evening at dinner a rather fresh young lady turned to him and said: "Your father is one of the big guns of England, is he not, Mr. Farrar?" "He was at one time," replied the young man, politely. "He was a canon, you know."

Speaking of the late Gen. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, a correspondent says: "The general was a Mason. At Antietam, just after he had dropped down on the bridge and taken it, and while the fighting was almost hand to hand, a confederate officer gave him the masonic sign. He recognized it instantly and sent the officer unharmed to the rear as a prisoner."

Mrs. Crawford contributes to the New York *Tribune* an article describing Madame Carnot, the wife of the President of the French Republic. She personally superintends the education of her children. With the Italian governess she speaks Italian, and English with the English governess. She reads the best literature, watches over the music exercises, and keeps well informed of the movements of the outer world.

Mrs. Croly, who has been prominent as a fashion writer for thirty-five years over the pen name Jennie June, believes that the present style of woman's dress is as free and as protective as can be hoped for at present, and that the dress of women was never before so deprived of useless incumbrance, or so free to obey artistic impulse.

Anton Rubinstein, who has recently been interviewed by a St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Tribune*, says that he inherited his musical talent from his mother, who was a fine pianist. His father had no taste nor talent for music, and wanted to make a petty merchant of him, but he was rescued by his mother. She was his first teacher, and he began to learn the piano at six years of age, and by nine he was so far advanced that he was taken on a concert tour.

Those who were favored with a close view of the Czar, during his short visit to Berlin recently, were amazed at the change in his appearance. The Little Father of the Russians has increased both in breadth and bulk, his girth having enlarged some nine inches during the last two years. His full beard flows down over his chest, contrasting strangely with a head almost devoid of hair; while a flat nose, small eyes, and large mouth are of the exact Muscovite type with which travelers have made us acquainted.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, is sixty-one years of age. His life is an example of the inability of circumstances to restrain true genius. At sixteen, owing to the poverty of his parents, he entered a drug store as apprentice, though wishing to study medicine. After a time he was able to enter the school of medicine at Heltberg, but soon gave up the study and made some attempts in literature which proved unsuccessful. He then became artistic director of a Bergen theater, writing drama at intervals. In 1864 he left Scandinavia and lived in various parts of Germany and Italy. He devoted himself wholly to dramatic writing and on an average he has since given one drama to the world each year. He is described as a solitary man, with no fixed place of abode, caring nothing for society and living in pleasant communion with the creatures of his imagination.

That nonsensical twaddle which the London *World* prints about the "cordial relation" between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Fife, and the "special marks of affectionate courtesy" which have been shown to the Duke and Duchess of Fife by the Emperor and Empress of Russia and the Grande Frederick, is not merely untrue, but it happens to be simply the reverse of the truth, says Labouchere. The Emperor and Empress of Russia and the other members of the Royal Family of Denmark object most strongly to any of their relatives marrying persons not of royal blood, as also do the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, but it does really seem most inconsiderate for any member of the English Royal Family to make a fuss about the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales after having accepted Lord Lorne and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The "affectionate courtesy" of the Emperor of Russia took the form of a request—*i e*, command—to the King and Queen of Denmark that the Duke and Duchess of Fife might not be invited to join the family party at Fredensborg, and the Empress Frederick has not attempted to conceal her annoyance, as she considers that the prestige of the English dynasty has been injured, and that her own position is thereby prejudiced.

A flutter of excitement recently agitated the Wisconsin supreme court when Miss Kate H. Pier, the first lady lawyer who ever appeared there, took her seat. She seemed scarcely more than a girl as she sat among a group of her young college friends, waiting for her time to address the august body. A wealth of black hair fell over her shoulders almost trailing to the floor and added to the beauty of her youthful complexion and handsome features. She was modestly attired in a dress of black silk. When the clerk called the case in which she was interested, and the young lady took her seat among the other attorneys at the table, there was a general awakening of attention. Miss Pier's argument was direct and to the point and relieved of all the superfluities that frequently characterize the verbose utterances of the more experienced attorneys of the other sex. She stated her case unhesitatingly and frequently turned to and cited authorities, showing an acquaintance with law and a degree of self-possession that indicated that she was truly in love with her profession. At the conclusion of her address she was cordially congratulated for the successful impression she had made, and among themselves the lawyers were unanimously of the opinion that she made an exceedingly strong and convincing argument.

### "Bootles' Baby."

*To Gertie Homan.*

I've lost my heart—an old, old tale,
It's been a roamer ever;
But if this new love does not grow,
'Twill cling to her forever.
She's such a mite—a winning sprite—
Coquettish? Ah, well, may be;
A bit demure—you'll love her sure—
They call her Bootles' Baby.

She has a smile like springtime sun,
A laugh like sweet birds singing;
She trips along as does the May,
Who comes, the summer bringing.
Her eyes are bright, like dancing light,
Her cheeks are velvet pansies;
Her sweet lips part, you lose your heart,
And weave the quaintest fancies.

She'll never be an Anderson,
And Bernhardt need not tremble;
She'll strut her little hour in glee,
And then—well let's dissemble
And say she ll be as fine, dear me,
As Ada Rehan, maybe;
Perhaps 'tis so—I want her, though,
To be just Bootles' Baby. RAMSAY MORRIS.

## 'Varsity Chat.

Despite the frowns of Jupiter Pluvius, the annual Rugby match with McGill was played last week. Once more the result was in favor of 'Varsity, and of course we are glad; but there is no team from whom we could take a defeat with more good grace than from McGill. The game was gentlemanly throughout, and our recollections of our fine fellow-collegians from the East are the pleasantest. It was most unfortunate that the rain kept the ladies away.

At the Modern Language Club on Monday a goodly number gathered to enjoy the programme. Miss Hillock, '92, opened with a piano solo. The author under consideration was Wordsworth, from whose works Misses Green and Scott read selections. In the absence of Mr. H. A. Dwyer, the chairman, Mr. W. H. Graham read an essay by the former gentleman on Wordsworth's philosophy. Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., followed with one of his instructive and appreciative talks. No man has the undergraduate interest at heart more truly than Mr. Keys. His unfailing kindness brings his stores of knowledge within our reach. Next week a French meeting will be held, Daudet being the author.

•

Our Association boys distinguished themselves at the Cobourg tournament, carrying off as usual first honors. Mr. Duncan of '93, is a new man on the team and very valuable. I observed in the list of the Belleville team at the tournament, the name of Mr. H. J. Crawford, B.A., the distinguished classical man of '88. *Mens sana*, etc.

•

Mr. S. B. Leacock, who is teaching at his old school, Upper Canada College, intends writing on his third year exam. next spring.

•

The arrival of Prof. Baldwin, the recently appointed head of the department of mental science, is awaited with curious anxiety.

•

No one can imagine what we should do without the Y. M. C. A. building these days. Since the demolition of the well-remembered Moss Hall we have but one place for meetings of all kinds. The association never wearies in its endeavor to suit us. Clearly a right spirit is in it.

•

A prospectus has been circulated in the corridors of the new journalistic venture the *National*, a monthly which will appear with the New Year and have Canada First for its motto. Hurrah for the *National*, say we. The promoters are understood to be 'Varsity men and hence we shall have in the paper a very special interest. The *'Varsity* though now defunct, has borne good fruit in the *National*; or perhaps we had better say that it has put off its swaddling clothes and entered upon a new and nobler cycle in its career. With the alma of the new monthly no loyal Canadian can fail to have the deepest sympathy. Some at least of those who will do effective work for the new concern gave vent to their earliest enthusiasm in the columns of the *'Varsity*.

•

On Tuesday evening an octette, consisting of Messrs. Knox, Magee, Wilson, Boultbee, Nye, Dockray, McLaughlin and Barker, representing the Glee Club, sang college choruses to the delight of a large audience in the Church of the Redeemer School-room. They were more than repaid by the youthful and charming courtesy of their friends. Graduates have no pleasure like this.

•

The class of '91 elected a new set of officers last Wednesday afternoon. The same duty will be performed on Tuesday by '92.

•

Mr. Harkness, who left a year ago for far Corea as the missionary of the Y. M. C. A., in conjunction with Mr. J. S. Gale, whom failing health has compelled to give up his work there, has returned. His many friends are glad to meet him again and shake hands with a devoted man.

Mr. T. C. DesBarres, jr., B. A., '89, is continuing his studies at Yale Divinity School. There must be success in this world for the energetic organizer of the non-hazing movement.

•

Miss N. Spence of the '87 philosophy class is teaching in Parkdale Collegiate Institute.

•

Mr. W. B. Wilkinson, '90, classics, has been compelled by a temporary indisposition to return to his home in Brantford. After Thanksgiving we hope to have the pleasure of welcoming back "Billy" with his humorous ways.

•

Loudly Mr. G. B. McClean, '90, complains that a number of the McGill College Rugby team, after having learned the wily ways of the footballers from him in Brockville, come up to use their skill against their revered instructor. 'Tis the way of the world.

NEMO.

## Trinity Talk.

Rev. H. O. Tremayne visited Trinity last week.

•

Mr. C. H. Sills, '91, has returned to Trinity after spending a few pleasant days with his relatives in Guelph.

•

The year '89 has seen Trinity's first freshman football fifteen. These energetic young gentlemen have managed to get together a very fair team and purpose playing the first fifteen of Trinity College School on Saturday, November 9, when they will no doubt give a good account of themselves. On Thanksgiving day, Trinity's regular team visited Guelph and played the Agricultural College at that city.

•

The Trinity Glee Club have organized for the ensuing year, and judging from the good work done at the practices, and the number of energetic members who are determined to see it through, a most successful season may be expected. Their first trip was to Islington on Wednesday last, where they took part in a concert in aid of the English Church at that town; on November 13 they visit Chester.

•

The weekly meeting of the Literary Institute was held on Friday evening last, Mr. W. H. White in the chair. Mr. Hedly, the reader for the evening, gave one of the numerous witty stories told of that well know Irishman, O'Connell, after which Mr. Coleman read a neatly written essay on Canadian Scenery, in which he pointed out the effect which the peculiar ruggedness and boldness of our scenery has upon the literature of the country. The debate, which was on "Resolved that capital punishment is detrimental to the welfare of the State," proved to be very interesting. Mr. Vicars and Mr. Abbott were for the affirmative, while Mr. Grout and Mr. Leech supported the negative. Both sides brought up many good arguments on behalf of their respective views, but the audience gave their votes in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Garrett was then elected as a member of the Council of the Literary Institute to represent the first year.

•

At a college meeting held in the reading-room last week Messrs. White, Kennedy and Mackenzie were elected as a committee to look after the gymnasium, which is in a shocking condition. Immediate steps will be taken to have the bars, rings and other appliances repared, and, as some new boxing gloves, Indian clubs and singlesticks have been ontained, it will be nobody's fault but their own if the men are not in good condition.

•

The first regular meeting of the Science Association was held on Thursday evening, Mr. T. Smythe, B. Sc., occupying the chair. The Provost read a most interesting paper tracing the connection between Science and the Faith.

## How We Spent Sunday.

Comica came to Toronto to spend Sunday with me last week.

She is a young woman with "opinions;" and as I occasionally have some, I am surprised that we find each other congenial—but we do.

I found her and her little black satchel at the station, and after transferring the bag to the care of a kind, good-natured young man, we trotted up town mutually delighted because we were both there.

A walk out to Rosedale had been planned, but after Comica's inadvertent remark that she wanted to buy a hat, I relinquished the idea of searching for the soul of nature among the trees that overlook the city, and we had a hat-hunt instead.

"Listen to the hand organ," said my friend, "I like it—don't care what any one says." This remark brought Margaret Sangs er's poem, Street Music, into the conversation, and we concluded that "hand-organs helped." Comica told me of a friend who declared that if he ran a city, he would have one on every corner. I believe the organ-operator must have overheard her confession, for after that we seemed to move in an atmosphere laden with jerky notes. Walking up Yonge we came upon an instrument, the crank of which was industriously turned by a swarthy-faced man, with a nose like a bunch of popples; and while waiting in a shop, the woman came in to show us her little tin-cup. Still another tune-dispenser had stationed himself near the door of the restaurant at which we took tea; and it seemed that as Comica approached the music developed into *allegro crescendo*.

Saturday was a gay day, but there was considerable color on the streets. I mean in dress fabrics, mantles and millinery, and yet, I must admit that we began to count the "tinted" cheeks, till we became weary and gave it up.

On our way home Comica wrestled with a telephone. She has an opinion of the Central, which is, in all likelihood, reciprocated. This, I judge, from the snappy way in which she spelt names for him, and the agitated emphasis which embellished her words. We had a nice evening, for when two girls have plenty of creams and sweet cakes to eat, when one is busy trimming a hat, and the other assorting various boxes, and when they have not had a chance to talk alone for a long while, they can spend a whole evening without a man in the case—and enjoy themselves, too.

"Do you think you can manage to exist as I do—dining out, etc., I had asked Comica, and she replied in an assuring tone that she thought the novelty would be a "sufficient reward for the exertion."

We went to a foreign restaurant for breakfast. During the interval which elapsed between our order and the meal's occurrence we kept up a low-voiced conversation, consisting mainly of opinions as to whether we should be in time for church. We had ordered pancakes, and we heard the noises accompanying the various stages of their composition. Distinctly came the muffled beat of the batter-smeared spoon, unmistakably the sizzle and flap reached our ears, and by the time these pancakes were on our plates we preferred the crisp hot rolls.

The waiter who overturned my cup of coffee on the cloth, assured me "dat was nodings." While he removed the superfluous liquid with his fat, red fist, I mentally decided that—in some respects he was deft handed.

"It's worth going there to gain the experience," said my practically inclined friend, as we closed the door.

For my part I was generous enough to feel like giving my experience to my friends, to save them the price of it—but we decided not to, and the half has not yet been told.

Upon our return we found Comica's young man awaiting her, and they went north to church, while I went south. On the occasion of our next meeting we compared notes, and she told me some of the sermon, and also her escort's remark concerning the soloist. "It was a nice noise," he said, adding his conviction that words were an essential.

At the Unitarian Church the service was a very pleasing one. It was thoroughly earnest, without being oppressively solemn. Towards the close the choir sang the Lord's Prayer, and the familiar words floated towards me, now loud, now low; the organ's voice swelled and sank, and then through the hushed building the grand Amen trembled and died away. To me the chant was the charm of the service.

In the afternoon we saw John Prince, the Indian chief, who looks uncommonly like the chief of the Conservatives. His scarlet coat, with its brass buttons, enhanced the duskiness of his face, and rendered his jet curls and kindling eyes yet more striking.

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Comica, as at Carlton street Church, in the evening, the minister resumed his seat after a lengthy list of announcements. "It's free advertising," she went on. Comica has no connection with a newspaper, but she has some well-developed opinions as to how churches should be run. With some of them I heartily concur; with regard to others, I daresay we shall disagree each time we meet, said disagreement ending with the understanding that it is "to be continued."

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

## The Conductor of Peace.

*To the Editor of Saturday Night:*

Your editorial of last Saturday exemplifying two types of railroad conductors, was very true to life, and equally opportune. It is a regrettable fact that so many of one kind and so few of the other are met with now; indeed the old time conductor is fast becoming but a memory. His legion of friends will instantly recognize in your description of the "Conductor of Peace," genial Richard Furness, who has been on the "run" between Detroit and the Bridge just thirty years. In that time what passenger, ignorant of his proper connection, can say his inquiries were otherwise than courteously answered? What old lady, hampered by bundles and flustered by the fear of being carried beyond her stopping place, cannot remember the helping hand of this "Conductor of Peace?" Conductors are born, not made, and long live Dick Furness as an example of what they ought to be, is the wish of ONE ADMIRER.

Windsor, November 5, 1889.

### The Evening Before.

[Outside Maud's house, and rather dark. Harry approaching.]

Harry (in joyous soliloquy)—Eight o'clock! At this time to-morrow we'll have been married just seven hours and a quarter. Jove! Doesn't it seem queer—and delicious? I want to see her once more—tell her how much I love her—hear her say how much she—Uh! Eh! Confound you; take care where you are going!

Indistinct Figure (which has collided with Harry)—Beg pardon, sir, but I could not see. We're putting up an awning frame out here.

Second Indistinct Figure—Hi, there; look out for your toes! (Drops heavy scantling almost on Harry's foot.)

Harry (somewhat discomposed)—This is jolly, I vow! (Rings.)

Servant (opening)—Well, you're here at last, are you? Oh, excuse me, Mr. Spooner! Thought it was the man with the——

Voice (over banisters)—Has he come, James? Tell him——

Servant—It's Mr. Spooner, Ma'am.

Voice—Oh! It's only Mr. Spooner, Maud. What can have become of that man? Now, Maud— (Voice recedes.)

Harry—Hum!

[Enters, down the stairs, with a dove-like swoop and rustle, Maud, all smiles and happiness at seeing Harry.]

Maud—Dear!

Harry—O Maud!

Maud (staying Harry's impassioned rush).—No, not here, you reckless boy! Don't you notice that carpenter in the vestibule? He's fixing the—and, oh, my darling, I don't know where to take you, for, you see, the florist is at work in the parlor, and then——

Harry (hopefully)—The music room?

Maud.—The presents are displayed there.

Harry—The dining-room?

Maud—No; the caterer's men have possession of that, and the women from Madam's are in the library, and all my things are being packed upstairs, and——

Harry (sarcastically)—Perhaps the kitchen——

Maud (quite seriously)—It's a perfect pandemonium!

Harry (same)—Or the stable!

Maud (same)—Why, Patrick says he can't ever stow away—you're laughing at me, you wicked—but I'm simply wild to-night with all this bother—oh! Papa's little studio! But it's a mass of confusion, for everything not immediately wanted is hustled in there.

Harry (aside)—Just the place for me, then. (They enter.)

Maud.—Now, dear, we'll have a nice, delightful chat; for, you know, we've only seen each other four times to-day, and I've so many things to tell you.

Seamstress (parting portiere).—If you please, Miss Maud, would you step upstairs? That back needs to be fitted again, and——

Maud—Oh, Harry, can't you think what trouble we've had with that dress! When it was sent home, we found that—coming, Mama! (Exit.)

[Harry contemplates ceiling with what patience he may for ten minutes, when re-enter Maud.]

Maud—That's settled. Now, to begin again. It's so sweet——

Maud's Mama (enter hurriedly.)—Maud! Would you—oh, good evening, Mr. Spooner! Would you put all those light things into the Saratoga, or the little sole leather? I think perhaps we'd better——

Maud—Anyway you like, mama—I don't care. (Exit mama.) And, as I was saying, Harry——

Bridesmaid (outside)—I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, Maudie; but won't you please come out here for an instant? I don't quite understand how I am to—— (Hand slips out, remaining some time, while Harry listens to the following:)

Maud, The Bridesmaid, The Bell and Various Voices.—There's two dozen, I think, of white silk—lilies for the arch over the door—ding! ding!—where's James!—in the bottom of some trunk, I'm sure—if those are roses, bring 'em here—and, drive tacks through the dead center of every one—ding! ding!—Mrs. Smith's compliments, and she sends—three cakes of toilet soap—so please pack the handkerchiefs in—a salad bowl or soup tureen—for there aren't satchel bags enough to—flavor the creams—and your Paris hat is put—in the ice-chest, where it ought to be—ding! ding!—you must see the floral bell; it's made of—one hundred chicken croquettes, sprinkled with—Mr. and Mrs. Snyder's best wishes, Mum—and set off by—four dozen dessert spoons—and the min ister's fee—tied up in a brown paper bag!

Maud (re-entering).—Oh, Harry, isn't this awful!

Harry—Well, we'll be at peace now. Come, one little kiss——

Maud (shrinking away)—Ow!

Harry—What is it? Oh! (Before him stands messenger boy, silently holding forth letter.)

Harry (petulantly)—I know well enough what this is! (Reads letter and tears it up.)

The Messenger Boy—Dere ain't no ans'r?

Harry—No! Off with you! (Exit boy.) You see, Charley has never been best man before, and he's frightfully nervous about it. This is the fifth note to-day from him. He's asking whether he shall wear a white scarf like the ushers' or pearl-gray one like mine! Let him wear both, neither or none at all, and be hanged to him!

Maud (tearfully)—Oh, now you're getting cross—I shouldn't think you would—and I don't blame, you, it's so exasperating! I've been going through it all day, and I'm just t-t-tired t-t-to d-d death——

Harry (remorsefully). — Poor little girl! There! There! forget all about it, and we'll talk about something else. There! There! (Ridiculous, broken by——)

Voices.—Maud! Miss Maud! Maudie!

Maud (springing up).—Oh, dear, it's no use! Just hear them!

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Omnes.— | Will you keep | there's | up<br>down<br>in<br>out<br>across<br>around | the other dress to try on.<br>a lovely present come.<br>some one to see you<br>Aunt Martha driving up.<br>something wrong with your hat.<br>no more room in the yellow trunk. |

Harry (in despair).—Well, I'll go. But——

Maud (tenderly).—But remember, dear, I love you just as much as if I weren't so awfully busy—getting ready to prove it.—*Manley H. Pike, in Puck.*

The instructive experience of the gentleman of limited means who insisted on dining at an expensive restaurant.—*Life.*

# A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGH'S RESERVED.

## CHAPTER V.

"Oh, you two are here together!" There was a note of surprise in Miss Vane's voice as she turned the corner of a great group of foliage-plants and came upon Hubert and sister in the open library window. "I could not tell what had become of either of you. If you have finished your conversation"—with a sharp glance from Florence's wet eyelashes to Hubert's pale, agitated face—"I have work for both of you. Florence, Enid has been alone all the morning! do take the child for a walk and let her have a little fresh air! And I want you to go for a stroll with me, Hubert; the General is sleeping quietly, and I have two or three things to consult you about before I go up to Marion."

The sudden gleam in Florence's eyes, quickly as it was concealed, did not escape Miss Leonora's notice as she moved away.

"What's the matter with Flossy?" she asked, abruptly, stopping to throw over her head a black-lace scarf which she had been carrying on her arm. "She has been crying."

"She feels the trouble that has come upon us all, I suppose," said Hubert rather awkwardly. He pressed forward a little, so as to hold open the conservatory door for his aunt. He was glad of the opportunity of averting his face for a moment from the scrutiny of her keen eyes.

"That is not all," said Miss Vane, as she quitted the great glass house, with its warm air of bloom and perfume, for the freshness of the outer air. She struck straight across the sunny lawn, leaving the house behind. "That is not all. Come away from the house—I don't want what I have to say to you to be overheard, and walls have ears sometimes. Your sister Florence, Hubert, was never remarkable for a very feeling heart. She is, and always was, the most unsympathetic person I ever knew."

"She has perhaps greater depth of feeling than we give her credit for," said Hubert, thinking of certain words that had been said, of certain scenes on which his eyes had rested in by-gone days.

"Not she—excuse me! Hubert, I know that she is your sister, and that men do not like to hear their sisters spoken against; but I must remind you that Florence lived ten years under my roof, and that a woman is more likely to understand a girl's nature than a young man.

"I never pretended to understand Florence," said Hubert, helplessly; "she got beyond me long ago."

"She is a good deal older than you, my dear, and she has had more experiences than she would like to have known. How do I know? I only guess, but I am certain of what I say. She is nine-and-twenty, and she has been out in the world for the last eight years. There is no telling what she may not have gone through in that space of time."

Hubert was dumb—it was not in his power just then to contradict his aunt's assertions.

"I would gladly have kept her under the shelter of my roof," said Miss Vane, pursuing the tenor of her thought without much reference to her listener's condition of mind; "but you know as well as I do that she refused to live with me after she was twenty-one—would be a governess. Ugh! Wonder how she liked it!"

"She seemed to like it very well; she stayed four years in Russia."

"Yes, and hoped to get married there, but failed. I know Flossy. She must have mismanaged matters frightfully, for she is an attractive girl. She went to Scotland then for a year or two, you know, and was engaged for a time to that young Scotch laird—I never heard why the engagement was broken off."

"Why are you deep in these reminiscences, aunt Leonora?" asked Hubert, with an uneasiness which he tried to conceal by a nervous little laugh. "I should have thought that you would be absorbed in anxiety for the General; and, as for me, I want to know what the doctor says about the dear old boy."

"I am absorbed in anxiety for him," said Miss Vane decisively; "and that is just why I am calling these little details of Florence's history to your mind. As to the General's health, the doctor says that we may be easier about it now than we have been for many a day. The crisis has, we hope, and indeed believe, been and passed, and we may be thankful that he is no worse. If he keeps quiet, he will be about again in a few days, and may not have another attack for years."

"And Marion?"

"Ah, poor Marion! She is not long for this world, Hubert. I must be back with her at twelve. Till then the nurse has possession and I am free. Poor soul! It is a dark ending to what seemed a bright enough life. Her mind has failed of late as much as her body."

Hubert could not reply.

"Sit down here," said Miss Vane, as they reached a rustic seat beneath a great copper-beech tree on the farther side of the lawn. "Here we can see the house and be seen from it; if they want me, they will know where to find me. I am not speaking at random, Hubert; there is a thing that I want to say to you about your sister Florence."

Hubert seared himself at her side with a thrill of positive fear. Had she some accusation to bring against his sister? He was miserably conscious that he was quite unprepared to defend her against any accusation whatsoever.

"What I mean first of all to say," Miss Vane proceeded, looking straight before her at the house, "is that Florence is a girl of unusual character. She looks very mild and meek, but she is not mild and meek at all. Most girls are, on the whole, affectionate and well-principled and timid; Flossy is not one of the three."

"You are surely hard on her."

"No, I am not. Long ago I made up my mind that she wanted to get married; that is nothing—every girl of her disposition wants more or less to be married. But I came across a piece of information the other day which made me feel almost glad that poor Stanley's life ended as it did. There was danger ahead."

"It is all done with now," said Hubert, hurriedly; "why should you rake up the past? Cannot it be left alone?"

He was sitting with his elbows on his knees, his chin supported by his hands, a look of settled gloom upon his face. Miss Vane's eyes flashed.

"You know what I mean then!" she said sharply.

Hubert started into an upright position, crossed his arms, and looked her imperturbably in the face.

"I have not the slightest idea of what you are going to say."

"You know something, nevertheless," said Miss Vane, with equal composure. "Well, I don't ask you to betray your sister. I only wish to mention that, in looking over my brother Sydney's papers the other day, I came across a letter from Florence which I consider extremely compromising. It was written from Scotland while she was still engaged to that young laird, but it showed plainly that some sort of understanding subsisted between her and Sydney Vane. They must have met several times without the knowledge of any other member of our family; and it seems that she proffered her services to Marion as Enid's governess at his instigation. What do you think of that?"

"I think," said Hubert deliberately, "that Florence has always proved herself something of a plotter, and that the letter shows that she was scheming to get a good situation. You can't possibly make anything more out of it, Aunt Leonora"—with a stormy glance. "I think you had better not try."

Miss Vane sat for a moment or two in deep meditation.

"Well," she said at length, "that may be true, and I may be an old fool. Perhaps I ought not to betray the girl to her brother either; but—"

"Oh, say the worst and get it over, by all means!" said Hubert desperately. "Out with your accusations, if you have any to make!"

Leonora Vane studied his face for a minute or two before replying. She did not like the withered paleness about his mouth, the look of suffering that was so evident in his haggard eyes.

"It is hardly an accusation, Hubert," she said, with sudden gentleness. "I mean that I believe that she was in love—as far as a girl of her disposition can be in love—with my brother Sydney. I need not tell you how I have come to think so. In the first hours of our grief she betrayed herself. To me only—you need not be afraid that she would ever wear her heart upon her sleeve, but to me she did betray her secret. Whether Sydney returned her affection or not I am not quite sure—for his wife's sake, I hope not."

Again she looked keenly at her young kinsman; but he, with his eyes fixed upon the ground and his lips compressed, did not seem disposed to make any remark on what she had said.

"I felt sorry for the girl," Miss Vane went on, although I despised her weakness in yielding to an affection for a married man. Still I thought that her folly had brought its own punishment, and that I ought not to be hard on her. Otherwise I should have recommended her to leave Sydney's daughter alone, and get a situation in another house. I wish I had. I cannot express too strongly to you, Hubert, how much now I wish I had!"

"Why?"

"I misunderstood her," said his cousin, slowly. "I thought that she had a heart, and that she was grieving—innocently perhaps—over Sydney's death."

"Well, was she not?"

"I don't think so. If she ever cared for him at all, it was because she wanted the ease and luxury that he could give her. Felt, I mean, for him, Hubert—I put it to you as a matter of probability—could she immediately after his death begin to plan a marriage with somebody else?"

Hubert looked up at last, with a startled expression upon his face.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear boy, that your sister Florence now wants to marry the General."

In spite of his distress of mind, Hubert could not stifle a short laugh.

"Aunt Leonora, you are romancing! This is really too much!"

"I should not mention it to you if I had not good reason." said Miss Vane, with a series of mysterious nods. "I have sharp eyes, Hubert, and can see as far as most people. I repeat it—Florence wants to marry the General."

"She will not do that."

"I am not sure—if she is left here when I am gone. I must go back to London at some time or other, I suppose. But it won't do to leave Flossy in possession."

"She would not think of staying, surely, if—"

"If poor Marion died? Yes, she would. Believe me, I know what I am saying. I have watched her manner to him for the last few weeks, and I feel sure of it. She has her own ends in view."

"I have no doubt of that," said Hubert, rather bitterly. "But what are we to do?"

"Let our wits work against hers," replied Miss Vane briskly. "If poor Marion dies, we must suggest to the General that Enid should go to school. In that way we may get Florence out of the house without a scene. But—mark my words, Hubert—she will not go until she is forced. She is my second cousin once removed and your sister, but for all that she is a scheming, unprincipled intriguer and adventuress. Who has never brought and never will bring good to any house in which she lives. You may wish to get her away to London, if you like, but you'll never succeed."

"I have tried already; I thought she would be better with me," said Hubert. "But it was of no use."

"You offered her a home? You are a good fellow, Hubert! You have always been a good brother to Florence, and I honor you for it," said Miss Vane heartily.

"Don't say so, aunt Leo; I'm not worth it," said the young man, starting up and walking two or three paces from her, then returning to her side. "I only wish that I could do more for her—poor Florence!"

"Poor Florence indeed!" echoed Miss Vane, with tart significance, "But I must go, Hubert. See her again, and persuade her, if you can, to leave Beechfield. Don't tell her what I have said to you. She is suspicious already, and will want to know. Did you notice the look she gave me when I said that I wished to talk to you? Be on your guard."

"I shall not have time to talk with her much. I must go back to London by the four o'clock train."

"Must you? Well, do your best. See—the blind is drawn up in Marion's dressing-room—a sign that I am wanted; " and Miss Vane turned towards the house.

Hubert's anticipations were verified. Florence was not to be persuaded by anything that he could say. And, when he came to tell him why she wanted so much to stay at Beechfield, and hinted at the reason that existed in Miss Leonora's mind, Florence only laughed at him to scorn. He was obliged sorrowfully to confess to Miss Vane, when she walked with him that afternoon before he set out for London, that he had obtained no information concerning Flossy's plans, and that he could hope to have no influence over her movements.

He had five minutes to spare, and was urging her to walk with him a little way along the road that led to the nearest railway station, when Miss Vane's attention was arrested by two little figures in the middle of the road. She stopped short, and pointed to them with her parasol.

"Hubert," she cried, in a voice that was hoarse with dismay, "do you see that?"

"I see Enid," said Hubert, rather wondingly. "I suppose she ought not to be here alone; she must have escaped from Florence. Why are you so alarmed? She is talking to a beggar child—that is all."

Miss Vane pressed his arm with her hand.

"Are you blind?" she said. "Do you not know to whom she is talking? Can you bear to see it?"

"Upon my soul, aunt Leo," said the young man, "I don't know what you mean!"

He looked at the scene before him. The little country road stretched in an undulating line to right and left, its smooth surface mottled with patches of sunlight and tracts of refreshing shade. Tall margin of grass on either side, tall hedges of hawthorn and hazel soothed the eye that might be wearied with the glare and whiteness of the road. On one of these grassy margins two children were standing face to face. Hubert recognized his little cousin Enid Vane, but the other—a sunburnt, gipsy-looking girl, with a tangled mass of hair and ragged clothes—who could she be?

"You were at the trial," Miss Vane whispered to him, in dismayed, reproachful tones. "Do you not know her? It is no fault of hers, poor child, of course; and yet it does give me a shock to see poor little Enid talking in that friendly way with the daughter of her father's murderer."

For the child was no other than little Jenny Westwood, whom Hubert had seen for a few minutes only at her father's trial three weeks before.

## CHAPTER VI.

Hubert stopped short. If Miss Vane had been looking at him, she would have seen that his face flushed deeply and then turned very pale. But she herself, with her gold eyeglasses fixed firmly on the bridge of her high nose, was concentrating her whole attention upon the children.

"Enid," she called out rather sharply, "what are you doing there? Come to me."

Enid turned to her aunt. She was a singularly sensitive looking child, with lips that paled too rapidly and veins that showed with too painful distinctness beneath the soft white skin. Her features were delicately cut and gave promise of future beauty, when health should lend its vivifying touch to the white little face. Her eyes, of a tender violet-gray, were even now remarkable, and her hair was of rippling gold.

Her sombre black dress and the sunshine that poured down upon the spot where she was standing contributed to the dazzling effect produced by her golden hair and white skin. There could not have been a greater contrast than that between her and Andrew Westwood's daughter, upon whom at that moment Hubert Lee's eyes were fixed.

Jenny Westwood, as she was generally called, although her father gave her a different name, was thinner, browner, wilder-looking, than she had even been before. Miss Vane knew her by sight, but she had imagined that the child had been taken away from the village by friends or sent to the workhouse by the authorities. It was a shock to her to find the little creature at the park gates of Beechfield Hall.

Enid did not seem to be embarrassed by her aunt's call. She ran up to her at once, dragging the ragged child with her by the hand. Her face was anxious and puzzled.

"Oh, aunt Leo," she said, "this little girl has nowhere to go to—no home—no anything!"

"Let her hand go, Enid!" said aunt Leo, with some severity. "You have no business to be out here in the road talking to children whom you know nothing about."

Enid shrank a little, but she did not drop the child's hand.

"But, aunt Leo, she is hungry and——"

"Were you begging of this young lady?" Miss Vane said magisterially, her eyes bent full on the ragged girl's dark face.

But Andrew Westwood's daughter would not speak.

"I'll talk to her," said Hubert, in a low tone.

"You take Enid back to the house, aunt Leo, and I'll send the child about her business."

"No, no; you'll miss your train. It is time for you to go. Enid can run back to the house by herself. Go, Enid!"

"Why may I not speak to the little girl, too?" said Enid wistfully. It was not often that she was rebellious, but her face worked now as if she were going to cry.

"Never mind why—do as I tell you!" cried Miss Vane, who was growing exasperated by the pain and difficulty of the situation. "I will see what she wants."

Enid hesitated for a moment, then flung herself impetuously upon Hubert.

"Won't you help her?" she said, looking up into his face with sweet entreaty. "I am sure you will be kind. The poor little girl has had nothing to eat all day—I asked her. You will be kind to her, for you are always kind."

Hubert pressed her to him without speaking for a moment, then answered gently—

"Both your aunt and I will be kind to her and help her, Enid—you may be sure of that. You run away home and leave us; we will do all we can."

For the first time the little outcast who had excited Enid's pity broke the silence.

"I don't want nothing; I wasn't begging, nor meaning to beg. She found me asleep by the road and asked me if I was hungry—that was all."

"And she is hungry," said Enid, with passion, "and you don't want me to help her. You are unkind! Here, little girl—here is my shilling; it's the only one I've got, and it has a hole in it, but you may have it, and then you can get yourself something to eat in the village."

She darted forward with the shilling, eluding a movement of Miss Vane's hand designed to stop her in her course. The shilling lay in Jenny Westwood's grimy little hand before the lady could interfere.

"Don't take it away," Hubert whispered in his aunt's ear; "it will make her remember the scene for a longer time."

"I know," Miss Vane answered grimly; and she stood still.

Enid turned sorrowfully, half ashamed of her momentary rebellion, towards the park gate. The other child seemed dazed by the excitement of the speakers, and only half understood what had been passing on. She stood looking first at the coin in her hand and then at the donor, with a strange questioning expression on her little brown face. Miss Vane and Hubert also waited in silence, until Enid was out of hearing. Then, as if by the same instinct, she drew a long breath and looked doubtfully at the other and then at the child.

"You will miss your train," said Miss Leonora.

"I have done that already; so we may as well find out what brings the girl here. Why was her footsteps turned towards the park gates? If anyone passes by——"

"You are right, Hubert, as usual. Come here, child—come inside for a minute or two; I want to speak to you."

The little girl glanced doubtfully at Miss Vane's handsome imperious face. She seemed inclined to break away from her questioners and run down the road; but a look from under her long lashes at Hubert seemed to reassure her. The young man's face had certainly an attractive quality—there was some trace of pleasure and pain in it, suggestive of a great struggle which had not been all ignoble even if he had failed to win the victory, a look which worked its way into the hearts of many who would have refused their hands to him in sign of fellowship if they had known the whole story of his life. The subtle charm had its influence on little Jenny Westwood, though she had no suspicion of its cause. She moved a little closer to him, and followed him inside the iron gates of Beechfield Park. The great trees flung their shade over the broad drive which ran between mossy banks for a mile before the house was reached. Between their trunks the sunshine flickered on sheets of bracken, already turning a little yellow from the heat; the straight spikes of the foxglove, not yet in bloom, were visible here and there amongst the undulating forms of the woodland fern. Hubert closed the gates carefully behind him, and stood with his aunt so as to screen the child from observation, should friends or acquaintances pass by. He had a keen perception of the fact that Miss Vane was making an enormous effort over pride and prejudice and affectionate prepossessions of all kinds in even speaking a word to Andrew Westwood's child. He himself, in the troubled depths of his soul, was stirred by a wild rush of pity and compassion, of sharp unaffected desire to undo what had been done already, to amend the injury that had been wrought—a far greater injury indeed than he had dreamt of doing. He had always fancied Andrew Westwood as lonely a man as—in the world's eyes—he was himself; he had not known until the day of the trial that the prisoner had a child.

"Your name is 'Westwood,' I think?" Miss Vane began slowly.

Hubert was keenly aware of the harshness of her tones. The girl nodded.

"Your father is Andrew Westwood?"

She nodded again, a dull red creeping into her brown cheeks.

"What are you doing here?" There was a tragic intensity of indignation in Miss Vane's way of putting the question which Hubert wondered whether the child could comprehend.

"You ought to be far away from Beechfield—it is the last place to which you should come."

The child lowered her face until it was nearly hidden on her breast, and spoke for the second time.

"Hadn't nowhere to go," she muttered.

"Have you no home?" said Miss Vane sternly.

"Only the cottage down by the pond where father lived. It is all shut up now."

"Where have you lived for the last few weeks? I heard that you were in the workhouse."

"Yes." Then, evidently with difficulty—"I ran away."

"Then you were a bad, wicked girl to do so," said Miss Vane, with severity; "and you ought to be sent back again—and well whipped, into the bargain!"

*(To be Continued.)*

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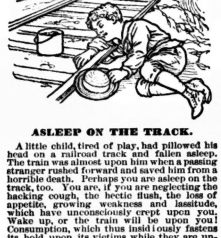

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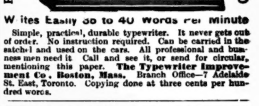

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

The pretence of a meal was over. Stanley had left the dining-room; and, as the door closed after her, her forced smiles all faded, and the girl's beautiful face was sad and sorrowful as she went back to the drawing-room.

When they dined alone, Sir Humphrey usually left the table with his daughter; that he had not done so on this evening seemed significant to the poor girl whose nerves were strained to their utmost tension.

As yet Stanley's life had known no sorrow, although she was too true-hearted and tender, not to have suffered sometimes through the suffering of others. She had had her moments of depression and calmness; she had thought sometimes that there was something not so sweet as melancholy; and since the engagement which had filled her life with such intense happiness she had often pitied her father for the loss of his wife with a depth of pity which had moved her to tears. But now it seemed as if she herself were to know the meaning of the word "grief"—that she was to learn how to suffer and be strong.

As she sat alone in the pretty, softly-lighted drawing-room, a sudden yearning came to her—a longing for Hugh's presence, for the touch of his kind, strong hand, the sound of his tender, passionate voice; but the yearning died away as she remembered that he, too, had seemed troubled and unlike himself during the earlier part of the day. Had the shadow which hung over her touched him as it came towards her? Well, if that were so, she must be braver still, and be strong for the sake of the two men whom she loved so dearly.

The minutes slipped by; but Sir Humphrey did not come. Twice Stanley had risen with the intention of going to the dining-room; but twice she had refrained. She would be patient, she thought; nevertheless, as the minutes grew into an hour and the Louis XV. clock on a bracket chimed ten, the girl grew restive. Tea had been brought in and had grown cold; the butler had told her that Sir Humphrey was still in the dining-room; and, when the tray for the tray to be removed, he gave the same answer to her question—his master was still in the dining-room.

"Perhaps he has fallen asleep," the girl said, trying to reassure herself. "He was very tired from his journey. I will go and see."

Brett thought his young mistress looked very pale as he held the door open for her to pass out, and her step as she crossed the hall was slow and heavy. She moved slowly as she approached the dining-room and pushed the door open noiselessly.

Silent were her movements that, although Sir Humphrey was not dozing, he did not perceive her entrance; and Stanley stood motionless just within the closed door, looking at him, a rush of tender pathetic memories crowding upon her. He had turned his arm-chair towards the empty grate, as if there had been a fire there and he sought its warmth; his gray head had sunk forward upon his breast, and he sat in an attitude of dejection and weariness which would have impressed the most indifferent observer. His daughter's eyes grew dim and misty as she stood looking at him.

Stanley remembered that she had often seen him sitting thus in her childhood, when her nurse brought her downstairs for that half-hour with her father, which she looked forward to so eagerly, and that, when at sound of her entrance he turned his kind eyes upon her, his sad face brightened a little as she bounded forward and sprang with all a child's thoughtless glee into his arms. She had just quite known why he was so sad in those by-gone days, when he talked to her sometimes of the beautiful young mother who had gone to a brighter, happier world than this; but she had known the reason of that sadness for many a long day now, and she had tried to brighten the life her mother's death had laid waste and desolate; and she knew that in a great measure she had succeeded. But, as she stood motionless there, a woman now, with a woman's tenderness and devotion, knowing how her father had loved her mother, and measuring that love by her own for Hugh Cameron, all her heart seemed to go out in tenderness and compassion to the solitary old man who sat there before the hearth, bowed by some grief she could not share.

"Father," she said earnestly—"oh, father, why do you shut me out of your sorrow! Let me share it—it is my right!"

At the sound of the broken, tremulous voice, so full of sweetness, tenderness and yearning, Sir Humphrey started and turned his face slowly towards her; then, after gazing at her for a moment in silence, he held out a kind trembling hand to her.

"Yes," he said, sadly, "it is your right."

The girl stepped forward and sank upon her knees by his chair; her father put his arm round her in silence and bent his head over hers. The light had fallen upon her face, and, knowing what he had to tell her, he could not meet her anxious gaze.

A few moments of intense silence followed, during which Stanley felt her father's hand tremble as it held hers. His agitation gave her strength, and in a few minutes she raised her head and said gently—

"Now, dear, tell me all. I can bear anything better than this suspense, and the thought that you do not fully trust your daughter."

By a great effort of self-control Sir Humphrey raised his head and sat erect. His manner was stern and yet tender when he spoke to the girl who still knelt at his knees.

"Stanley," he said gently, "you are my only child—you are the last representative of an honored name. To you, girl as you are, I have looked to uphold that name in honor—to keep it stainless as it has been handed down to me. Was I wrong in trusting you?"

Stanley held up her head proudly; her father's words brought out all the pride she felt in her ancient name and honored race.

"You were not wrong," she said.

"And, if a time should come when, to uphold our honor and dignity," Sir Humphrey went on, "you would have to sacrifice a great happiness, am I wrong in believing that the sacrifice would be made?"

"You are not wrong," Stanley answered quite calmly, although her lips had grown a little pale.

Sir Humphrey looked at her keenly, and the color came back to his wrinkled cheeks.

"I think I am not wrong," he said. "I know I can trust you, Stanley."

A short pause followed; the girl had changed her kneeling posture for one half sitting, half crouching at his feet; one bare arm rested on his knee—it was the left arm—and the light fell upon the broad gold band which clasped it and upon the diamonds of the legend, "*Toujours, jamais.*"

"Stanley," he went on tenderly and gravely, "what I have to say to you is hard to say, bitterly, cruelly hard, because I love you, and to inflict pain upon you is more difficult a thousand times than to bear pain myself."

"I know it, dear father," rejoined the girl, putting her tremulous lips to the hand which held hers. "It is not now that you need assure me that you have always loved me a thousand times better than I deserve, unless there is merit in my love for you; and, because you love me so well, I know that you will never give me a pain to bear which you do not feel even more keenly."

Her perfect trust in him was as a healing balm to Sir Humphrey Gerant's wounded heart; even so would her mother have spoken, he told himself. His voice was very husky as he went on.

"And yet I have no alternative, my darling," he said. "You are my beloved child, and would spare you if I could; but the honor of our race is in my hands and yours, and we must be loyal, Stanley. Have I deserved obedience in your hand?"

Her face was deathly pale as she raised it to his; but there was no hesitation in her tone as she answered steadily—

"Unquestioning obedience."

"I have always received it from you, my daughter, but I have never asked you so hard a thing as this," said Sir Humphrey gravely. "Heaven knows, Stanley, that it is bitter to me to ask it of you—almost as bitter, my poor girl, as it will be for you to grant it!"

Still the beautiful pale face was upturned to his with perfect love and trust shining through the dread and the sadness in the sweet eyes; but it seemed to Stanley as if her blood were turning to ice as she crouched there.

"I will grant it, father," she said in a low voice which was quite steady although it was scarcely above a whisper. "My stock of obedience will not fail me yet." She drew a long breath, as if the inspiration would give her strength; her face was as white as her gown, and the chill seemed drawing nearer and nearer to her heart, stilling its tumultuous beating. "What is it?" she asked.

Twice he endeavored to speak to her, but failed; his handsome, haggard face was distorted with sorrow as he looked at her. The girl touched him gently with her cold hand.

"Father," she whispered—"father!"

The word so softly uttered, the touch of the icy fingers, the smile which she had forced to her lips, were almost more than he could bear. The tears which dimmed his eyes hid her face from him as he forced himself to speak.

"Stanley," he said, hoarsely, "your engagement must be broken off! You cannot—you must not fulfill it!"

She had felt that she was to receive some cruel blow, and the strange intuition had told her that it would be through the man she loved that it would come; but she had scarcely expected this. For a moment she seemed not to understand him; then, with a strange unconscious movement, she raised her head, looked at the bracelet upon her wrist, then let it fall heavily at her side.

"Why?" she gasped.

Sir Humphrey was growing more courageous now; the blow was struck, and she had borne it unflinchingly.

"Will you not trust me for reasons, Stanley?" he said, gently. "To give them to you would only increase your pain. I say so with so much sorrow myself and so much reluctance that, were I not forced to utter the words, they would never have been spoken. You can never be Hugh Cameron's wife."

The lady child seemed to have reached her heart now; the girl felt stunned and breathless, as if she were losing hold on life itself in those few bitter moments, although she did not fully realize what the words implied.

There was a brief silence. Sir Humphrey, looking at the lovely pale face on which the light of the wax-candles fell so softly, saw no change in it; but a sudden pang pierced his heart as he noticed how strongly it resembled the face of her mother as she lay in her coffin with roses upon her bosom and in her clasped hands.

"I do not understand," said Stanley, in a low strained voice. "I gave Hugh my word—I cannot take it back!"

"Do you think I would ask you to take it back if I was not forced to do so?" asked her father, with a touch of reproach in his tone. "Stanley, my reason is an all-important, an all-powerful one. I find it very hard to urge you to this course; but it is the only one open to us."

She did not utter a word as she crouched there at his feet. She was confused and stunned; she understood part of his meaning, but not all; he was surely jesting with her! Once more she raised her arm and gazed at the gold band upon it; then her eyes wandered to the diamonds in her ring. How could her father mean what he said? She wore wearing Hugh's diamonds; a few short hours since he had held her in his arms, he had kissed her upon the lips. How could he say that it was to be nothing to her in the future? It was impossible! They loved each other! That very afternoon, in the sweet old garden, the ripe purple fruit glowing upon its red-brick walls, they had fixed the day for their wedding!

Her eyes traveled from the diamonds on her finger—the sign of her allegiance to Hugh Cameron—and rested upon her father's face. What she saw there checked the words of protest which had risen to her lips, and she sat looking up with startled, bewildered eyes and an expression upon her wan face which forced her father to look away from her.

"Father," she said, with a child's dignity, "forgive me; I do not seem able to understand, and in my confusion I cannot but think that I have been mistaken as to your meaning. A few weeks ago you gave me to Hugh, you knew that without your consent, much as I love him, I would not be his wife; but you gave your consent willingly. You seemed to like Hugh," she went on wistfully, touching his hand. "He is good and true and noble, and we love each other. I think you do not know how much we love each other," she added simply, "or you would not ask me to give him up."

"I must ask you!" declared Sir Humphrey, vehemently. "When I gave my consent to your engagement—a willing consent as you have said—I had been deceived—cruelly deceived and betrayed! It is bitter to t here and look into your face and tell you that upon the man you love rests the shadow of dishonor and disgrace! Had I known it, Stanley, my consent would never have been given, and I must retract it now once and forever!"

Stanley did not hear the last sentence; a hot flush had suffused her face and her eyes flashed indignantly.

"Dishonor and disgrace!" she said, proudly. "You are not coupling those words with Hugh's name, father!"

"Would to heaven I need not!" he groaned. "But I must, Stanley; there is a stain upon Hugh Cameron's name which nothing can efface. I do not know whether he has deceived us, or whether he himself has been deceived; but in either case an insuperable barrier has arisen between you which nothing can overcome."

The burning flush had died out of Stanley's face, leaving her deathly pale as she sank down at her father's feet; but, although she saw his suffering in his face, she could not realize that he spoke the truth.

"Father," she said—and her voice had lost all its sweet glad melody and tenderness, and was tremulous, and muffled—"there has been some mistake. Some one has deceived you, dear—but not Hugh. And Hugh—you knew him, you loved him, you always liked him, and that made me so glad—he is innocent of any wrong towards us. Of that I am as sure as that I live!"

"I have made no mistake, my poor child," Sir Humphrey answered, brokenly. "Do you think I would have spoken to you unless I had been sure? Stanley, I, like you, fought against the belief until it was forced upon me! I was incredulous until I could doubt no longer. Whatever Hugh has been guilty towards us or not I do not know; but I know that the shadow of shame and dishonor rests upon him, and that there can be no alliance between him and Stanley Gerant."

Sir Humphrey rose as he spoke, and raised his daughter to her feet. She stood motionless where he had placed her, her head bent forward, her arms hanging straight and heavy by her side. Her father turned from her, and walked away to the other end of the room. When he returned, she was still standing in the same attitude; but she raised her eyes slowly to his face with an expression of anguish and appeal which stirred him to his inmost soul. He went to her and took her in his arms.

"Stanley, can you not trust me!" he asked her, tenderly pushing back the hair from her forehead.

"I can trust you, father," she replied, in her dull voice; "I can even, if I must, obey you; but you should trust me in your turn. What disgrace—oh, it is a cruel word and hard to utter!—rests upon Hugh?"

"It would only give you deeper pain to know, Stanley."

"And yet I must know," she pleaded, with a bitter smile. Is it so long, father, since you lost my mother that you have forgotten how you loved her—forgotten perhaps what love is? I am not a child; I am a woman. I cannot at your bidding give up the man I love without knowing why I must put him out of my life."

"I have told you the reason," he answered. "The disgrace which rests upon him is one which as his wife you would share and which your children would inherit from their father. Let that content you."

"It cannot," she said drearily. "How could it? I love him! In a few weeks I should have gone with him to the altar and become his wife; but it seems to me that I should have been no more closely bound to him when our vows were uttered than I am now by the love I bear him and which he bears for me. Father, I must know more than you have told me yet."

"And this is my daughter's unquestioning obedience!" he murmured, in a bitter tone, as he turned away and walked the length of the shadowy room once more.

She stood still, her face set as if it were carved in stone. Sir Humphrey had wished to spare her if possible—had wished to keep from her the knowledge he had gained by his hasty journey to London; but he began to fear that it was impossible—before the misery in her eyes he was so weak! And yet, if it were true that Hugh Cameron had known of this dishonor and had hidden it from them, the shock would be increased a thousand-fold by that very love which refused now to believe evil of him, by that very trust which seemed so deeply rooted in the steadfast loyal heart. As he realized this, the old man's composure and self-control, already so sorely shaken, gave way; he sank into a chair by the table, and hid his face in his hands.

In a moment the girl was beside him on her knees, her shaking hands clinging to him, her fair face, so like her mother's, on a level with his heart—the heart which loved her as tenderly as Clare Gerant's mother would have done if she had been at her side now.

"Father, dearest father," she pleaded, "forgive me—have pity upon me! Oh, think, dear—I love him so truly, so passionately, and you bid me give him up! You bid me break his heart and my own and darken our lives for ever! And you will not tell me the reason why I must do so—the reason which I have a right to know! Have pity—have pity!"

Her head sank forward upon his knee; she was trembling in every limb; it seemed as if all the strength of her body were in her arms as she clung passionately to him.

*(To be Continued.)*

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One day, in Paris, Mrs. Ayer, while suffering intensely from the scorching sun of a July journey across the English Channel, was offered a pot of cream by an old French lady friend, to be used on her face when retiring, being assured that it would do wonders in softening and beautifying the complexion. Its effects were so magical and so marvellous that Mrs. Ayer became anxious to possess the formula for the cream, which she learned was not an article to be bought. But the old French lady finally sold the recipe, which (so she told Mrs. Ayer) was the one used by her beautiful and famous ancestor, Julie Recamier, for forty years, and was the undoubted secret of her wonderful beauty, which Mme. Recamier retained until her death.

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### Births.

CAVELL—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. W. R. Cavell—a daughter.

MACDOUGALD—At Chicago, on October 18, Mrs. A. W. Macdougald—a daughter.

MEREDITH—At Toronto, on October 31, Mrs. E. A. J. Meredith—a son.

SPARROWHAWK—At London, Ont., on October 31, Mrs. W. J. Sparrowhawk—a daughter.

NEILL—On October 29, Mrs. John A. Neill—twin daughters.

LESLIE—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. J. S. Leslie—a son.

BARTON—At Weston, on November 4, Mrs. E. Barton—a daughter.

GREENE—At Toronto, on November 1, Mrs. Henry Vincent Greene—a son.

JACKMAN—At Toronto, on November 2, Mrs. H. B. Jackman—a daughter.

MACKENZIE—On November 3, Mrs. H. Gordon MacKenzie—a son.

MACLEOD—At Port Macleod, N. W. T., on October 29, Mrs. Martin D. Macleod—a son.

CAMERON—At Caledon, on November 1, Mrs. John Cameron—a daughter.

SHAVER—At Islington, on October 31, Mrs. P. Bruce Shaver—a son.

DURDAN—At Niagara Falls, Ont., on November 2, Mrs. W. Durdan—a daughter.

### Marriages.

BURT—ANDERSON—At Stratford, on October 31, William Burt to Janet Anderson.

HENNE-BERG—ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on October 30, Henry Henneberg to Mary Robertson.

ROBERTSON—HENDERSON—At Stratford, on October 29, John W. Robertson of Toronto to Ella Henderson.

MACFIGGINS—THOMPSON—At Belmanton, on October 24, Malcolm MacFiggins to Mrs. Cathar ne Thompson.

ALEXANDER—LEMON—At Toronto, on October 22, E. T. Alexander to Edith T. Lemon.

BRADDY—RADCLIFFE—At London, England, on October 23, Frederick Brady of Detroit, Mich., to Margaret Edwina Hum Radcliffe of St. Catharines.

JACKMAN—NICHOLSON—At Toronto, on November 4, Richard Jackman to Amelia Sophia Nicholson.

DE BEAUHARNAIS—HEATON—At Toronto, on November 1, General Eugene De Beauharnais to Grace E. Heaton.

### Deaths.

BRODIE—At Toronto, on November 1, Bella Brodie, aged 19 years.

SKIPPON—At Toronto, on November 2, Thos. Skippon, aged 57 years.

JOHNSTON—At Toronto, on November 5, Mrs. Elizabeth McComb Johnston, aged 75 years.

HOWELL—At Galt, on November 4, Daniel Howell, aged 68 years.

RICHEY—At Port Credit, on November 5, Mrs. Jas. Richey, aged 46 years.

HENDERSON—At New York, on October 29, William A. Henderson of Listowell.

McKINNON—At Toronto, Duncan J. McKinnon, aged 20 years.

PETTIBONE—At Toronto, on November 1, Howard Frederick Pettibone, aged 3 years.

NEILL—At Toronto, on October 30, Agnes, twin daughter of John W. and Clara Page Neill.

WILSON—At Woodville, on November 3, George Wilson, aged 70 years.

FAWCETT—At Toronto, on November 4, Munro Rawes Fawcett, aged 5 years.

GRAHAM—At Brampton, on November 3, William Dickson Graham, aged 15 years.

WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on November 1, John Williams, aged 38 years.

COADY—At Toronto, on November 3, William F. Coady, aged 22 years.

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CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; Five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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